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J. BURY

P206A

No. 204. Vol. 4. FEBRUARY 15, 1936
The PASSING SHOW

Minds and Bodies are observed and cared for at the same time by Health Centre activities such as this drama class.

Health Factory No. 1

by L. G. BRANSON

SO there is nothing new under the sun? That's just too bad. Because how else can you describe a great building of glass and steel and concrete where a group of inspired people are doing what has never been even attempted before, putting health over in a big way to the man-in-the-street. Is that Something New?

The Pioneer Health Centre, they call it, at Peckham, is the only place of the kind in the world. It all began with the rebellion of two doctors—Miss Innes H. Pearse, M.D., B.S., and Mr. G. Scott Williamson, M.C., M.D.—against the age-old tradition that the main job of medical science is to *cure* disease.

"We prefer to work from an entirely different angle," Dr. Scott Williamson told me. "By studying health and how to keep fit. The two things are poles apart, you know. Take the case of an ordinary practitioner. Circumstances at present force him to sit twiddling his thumbs, so to speak, until patients come along for treatment of conditions that should never have arisen. That's ridiculous on the face of it."

Remember the old saw "Prevention is better than cure?" Well, that puts the whole argument neatly into a nutshell. In other words, the doctor should be paid to keep us well. Why not? After all, isn't something of the sort an old Chinese custom—and 420 million Chinamen can't be wrong.

They gave the scheme a modest try-out several years ago in one small double-room and the garden of a private house. The staff consisted of a resident medical officer, a social secretary, and a housekeeper. And families were somewhat nervously invited to join a hitherto unheard of kind of club—a Health Club.

Right from the start it was an astonishing success. "So successful, as a matter of fact," an official said, "that we eventually had to close down. No doubt that sounds rather odd. But the club grew altogether too big for the limited accommodation."

To-day you see the result of that tentative experiment in this gleaming monster designed by Sir Owen Williams. The first scientifically planned and equipped communal health centre; crammed with every conceivable means of creating a new design for living. And no longer just a pious hope, remember, but a triumph in full commission.

I would like you to meet the Brunkers. Not an average family; nor even a typical one. But a family very much concerned in most of the centre's activities. Here they are.

Mrs. Brunker (mum). Fifty-one years young and a grandmother at that. Before joining the centre she found it trying even to walk upstairs. Now she skips about the house. She goes up rope-ladders in the gymnasium, too. She has lost two stone of entirely superfluous weight. She swims every day (they taught her how to), dances, plays darts, sings in the cabaret.

She turns up (believe it or not !) at seven o'clock of a Sunday morning for her swim and a spot of "gym."

Alfred (21), went to sea as a cadet in the Merchant Service. He spent four years in Eastern waters and then came home—for good, as it turned out. He wanted another job but didn't know where to begin looking for one. So he walked into a shop he happened to be passing and asked the manager. He landed the job and is doing well.

Alfred specialises in wrestling, "gym," swimming, and often gives diving exhibitions at the centre. He says his greatest pal is "Mum."

Grace (19) has auburn hair, is slim, petite; altogether a very attractive little lady. A "Nippy" by profession, a splendid pianist, and plays for the centre dance band. She likes dancing herself, "gym," and of course, swimming—it runs in the family.

People who elsewhere would never have gone near a ladder swing about like monkeys at Peckham.

CONTINUING *Health Factory No. 1*

Toddlers to grandmothers—they all learn to swim in the big modern pool.

She told me she hadn't got a young man ("No *special* young man, she means," grinned Alfred).

Tom (12) is Richmal Crompton's "William" and every other cheeky schoolboy rolled into one. Full of beans, hair usually wildly dishevelled, always in scrapes. But a real good kid. Not brainy, but uncommonly clever with his hands. He is to take a trade scholarship in carpentry.

Incidentally, he will make Alfred look to those diving laurels before long.

Gladys (10) is the studious one of the family, quiet and deliberate. She is working for a scholarship. Alfred sometimes helps get her homework wrong.

There is also a married daughter with an "angelic" infant son and a taste for Greek dancing. Or "playing fairies" as Mum calls it. Oh yes, they belong, too.

Imagine for a moment what the centre offers to the people of an overcrowded district like Peckham; where life normally has precious few "high-spots." Complete relaxation for one thing. Tired mothers can park the baby under nurse's watchful eye and enjoy a couple of hours of cheerful gossip in the afternoon. Later on father gets his game of billiards or cards followed by a smoke and a chat over a glass of beer. And all the time they are gaining almost without realising it a better understanding of health, real health, too, and no nonsense about it.

"We'd be lost without the place now," declared Mrs. Brunker. "And you ought to see how the children have filled out. Well, I must be off for my swim."

The building—needless to say, modern in line to the *n*th degree—is planned around the swimming pool. Sitting in either restaurant or lounge you can watch what goes on in the water below. Very pleasant indeed; especially when the glass walls of the lounge are run back in sections to turn it into an airy sun-terrace.

I explored it all. From the great boiler-room down in the basement to the "brains" of the enterprise way up on the top floor. These are some of the things I heard and saw.

Dance-band practice with Grace Brunker doing her stuff at the piano. An extremely small boy sailing with immense gusto into the boxing instructor; cheery Sid Smith, hard-bitten hero of a couple of hundred professional fights. Rehearsal of *The House*, thriller written and produced by a member. A ladies' dart match ("Now then, Mum, none of that body-line"). Run-through of films for the show on Saturday night. Twelve babies peacefully asleep in the night nursery ("And don't you dare wake them up," said Sister).

What else? Whist and bridge and table-tennis and billiards. Chess, too. Gladys swotting hard in one of the special study cubicles adjoining the library. A glimpse of the concert party; of a cycling club meet. And at last somehow I found myself in that spotless kitchen where they turn out food simply bursting with the right kinds of vitamins.

But none of these things, mind you, is there merely to pass the time; each one plays a very definite part in the all-round development of health. Recreation, in fact, is prescribed here in much the same way as a pick-me-up might be prescribed by an ordinary doctor.

Two thousand families can take advantage of all this at a cost of only a shilling a week per family—with a first-class medical service thrown in. Everyone without exception receives a periodic overhaul. Yearly for adults, twice a year for adolescents, once every three months for school children and weekly for infants. Mighty thorough it is, too, believe me.

Tune in now to the Godwyns. They will give you the low-down from the viewpoint of parents with young children. Mr. Godwyn ("something in the City") at the microphone:

"Why did we join?" he repeated. "Frankly, through curiosity more than anything else. They had a kind of pre-view, you know. Invited people to come along and look round at the rate of three hundred or so a night. The wife was one of them. She fell for the idea and—well—here we are."

"Perhaps I'd better whisper this," Mrs. Godwyn said, "but we did wonder at first where the catch was. There simply isn't one, though. Take the medical side alone. Only mention so much as an ache in your little finger and off they whisk you to the consulting rooms. Nothing is too much trouble. I know we are all keeping as fit as fiddles, anyway, and our wee chap loves every moment he spends here. Just think what an advantage it is for a baby to have a place like this behind him."

So I made a point of finding out exactly what the centre *does* mean to His Majesty the Baby. Being constantly under the eye of a sympathetic doctor speaks for itself. But the plan goes a good deal deeper than that. An intelligent basis of existence for the rising generation, that's what they are after. And a sturdy independence is the keynote of it.

Babies are taught to do all manner of things for themselves at an astonishingly early age. How to undress, for instance, and hang their clothes up. Discipline and self-control come as a result of organised nursery games. You can even watch these mites doing simple exercises in the gymnasium. One . . . two . . . that's right ("Johnnie, stop pushing the little girl next to you.")

And if you think that all sounds rather stiff and Hitlerish, well, you ought to see them at it.

Swimming, by the way, is one of the most natural things in the world. No, lady, I'm not pulling your leg; native children can often swim before they can walk. So there is a special pool where the very young find their sea-legs, as it were, and get a good dose of artificial sunlight at the same time.

That's not the half of it, though. Older children are placed in carefully graded teams; each scientifically calculated to bring out the very best in them. Look at young Tom Brunker there, for instance, twice the lad he was a few months ago.

Individuals, as such, cannot join the centre. That sounds rather tough on a whole lot of people. But there is a very sound biological reason for it.

"Many diseases originate in family life," explained Dr. Scott Williamson, "and only by studying the family as a unit can we get a real line on health. Research has shewn, incidentally, that the greater part of serious illness could be prevented by periodic overhaul. That is where we have such a tremendous pull, of course."

Have you quite grasped the importance of this systematic "vetting?" It means that incipient disease is discovered and nipped in the bud on an average *six or seven years* before anything would normally have been done about it. Note this point, too. More than ninety per cent of adults over twenty-five have required treatment in some shape or form. Those two facts in conjunction frankly staggered me.

I found the members an amazingly representative crowd; all sorts and conditions of people. Schoolmasters, clerks, firemen . . . goodness knows what besides. Seven or eight pound a week families ("you'll often see half-a-dozen cars outside *and* they don't belong to the staff") and families on unemployment relief. The place is a regular microcosm; a brave new world on its own.

Illness is a pretty espensive luxury, you know. The bill for National Health Services runs into tens of millions every year. One big business firm alone puts the annual cost at something approaching £120,000. And that's without attempting to assess the loss due to what the experts call "devitalisation"; a kind of "below par-ness" which slows down speed and efficiency.

Listen to Dr. Scott Williamson again: "We are demanding a standard of health much higher than simply not being ill," he emphasised. "Nothing, in fact, short of the correct use of all your faculties to the fullest possible extent. So the members swim or dance, or box, or do whatever happens to suit them best. If they are unhealthy we teach them how to be healthy. What's more, they enjoy themselves into the bargain."

"You're telling me," I murmured, watching Alfred Brunker dive into ten feet of clear blue water.

But health, it seems, should be as far as possible self-acquired. Which is one reason why members run most of the activities for themselves. You notice too, that a good many are carried on in full view of everyone. A subtle piece of psychology, this. Seeing others do something is half-way towards wanting to do it *better* yourself.

The pool, by the way, is a magnificent ninety-foot affair. It swallows at a gulp 130,000 gallons of water—automatically cleaned and purified every four hours. There is, too, an artful device that cuts out the usual "hot-house" atmosphere. And no end of other refinements, including a battery of spray-baths through which you must pass to enter the pool itself.

Everywhere you come across this same precise attention to detail. Why, even the railings around the flat roof-garden were specially designed for the job.

As to results—well, it's difficult to know where to begin. But here are a few examples of the kind of problems these Peckham wizards tackle every day. Odd enough some of them. This one, for instance. A prospective member complains of a persistent night cough. Something pretty serious, he thinks. Not on your life. It turns out to be caused by an ancient set of false teeth which slips back and tickles his throat.

Or take the case of the woman who had flat feet because her shoes were too tight. And the man crippled by lumbago through pushing a barrow with the wrong muscle actions. Not to mention the chap that always wore too many clothes. His wife was afraid he'd catch cold!

Queerest of all, perhaps, was the man with a wooden leg who got so tired he eventually gave up walking altogether. Actually, as they very soon found out at the centre, the trouble was a curvature of the spine due to his wooden leg wearing away. It was nearly two inches shorter than the other. (Incidentally, he did possess a perfectly good artificial limb—but preferred to keep it for Sundays!)

How does launching a venture like this strike you? To start from scratch, as it were, and set the wheels going round. Personally, imagination rather boggles at the idea. Think of the spadework necessary; the sheer hard grind. More than five years of it. Deciding just what is and is not wanted; inventing and patenting a hundred and one different bits of equipment. I take off my hat to the vision and determination that saw it through. Yes, sir!

There was a little matter of funds to find as well; fifty thousand pounds or so. That caused a certain amount of anxiety at first. But then a group of anonymous donors put up about £25,000 between them. Not so long ago, too, Lady Maureen Stanley persuaded Lord (Morris of Cowley) Nuffield to have a look round. So impressed was the motor magnate that he offered £26,000 on the spot, provided £5,000 was also forthcoming from another source. Edward Meyerstein saw to that, and now they are self-supporting with something to spare, given a minimum of fifteen hundred member-families.

Plenty of big names are connected with the centre in one way or another. Both Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins, President of the Royal Society, and Julian Huxley, for example, serve on the advisory council. In company with other giants of the medico-scientific world. People like Lord Moynihan of Leeds, Sir Frederick Menzies (Chief Medical Officer of Health to the London County Council), and half-a-dozen others.

Hear what A. D. Lindsay, Master of Balliol College, Oxford, has said about it: "The principles inspiring it are unmistakably right. This invention in medical practice has the mark of all great discoveries, once made they are obvious."

So much for the story behind the Pioneer Health Centre. It is a mighty significant pointer to the shape of things to come. Soon, no doubt, centres on similar lines will spring up all over the country.

To-morrow perhaps, maybe the day after. But almost certainly within the next ten years.

A Complete Long Story

by MORLEY F. CASSIDY

His wife thought him crazy when he counted the drops in a bottle of hair tonic, but there was method in the madness of——

"It was so easy I wouldn't feel right to keep it all, so I'm splitting with you."

Mr. Diamond, FACTOLOGIST

THE trouble was, Mrs. Diamond never could see that it made the slightest difference whether the female codfish laid three million eggs at a sitting or not. They could lay a hundred million if they had a mind to. Mrs. Diamond had her own business to attend to, and she was willing to let the codfish attend to theirs.

Mrs. Diamond was, she often told her husband, a practical woman. She had the house to care for and five children to mind, and it didn't darn any stockings to know that a pound of silkworm cocoons would produce one hundred miles of thread. Nor did the light bill get paid any quicker by knowing that it takes light rays twenty-seven million years—or whatever it is—to get here from the sun.

If Mr. Diamond really wanted to dig up some interesting figures, she was suggesting now, he should figure out how many steps a wife and mother takes in a day if she gets up at 6.30, gets five children off to school, does her own shopping, sweeps and dusts a six-room house, gets three meals and does her own washing, mends stockings at night and goes to bed at eleven o'clock.

Mr. Diamond, from time to time, made a cautious noise in his throat which was the result of twenty years' experience—a species of dwarf rumble which acknowledged the fact that Mrs. Diamond was speaking, without committing him to either side of the question. He had long since despaired of interesting Mrs. Diamond in pure, abstract, non-utilitarian knowledge.

And Mr. Diamond, at the moment, was busy. Bending over the dining-room table so that the centre light glowed in bright reflection exactly in the middle of his polished pate, he was engaged in one of the most fascinating bits of research he had undertaken in many months.

With the aid of a medicine dropper he was painstakingly transferring the last of a pint of Scalpkool Hair Tonic from one bottle to another, counting each drop as it fell and scrupulously checking every tenth drop with a mark on a writing pad at his elbow.

It had been a three-night job, a job few men would have tackled, but when it was finished he would know something that was known to no other human being. He would know how many drops are in a pint of Scalpkool Hair Tonic.

Mrs. Diamond angrily rammed a reddened right hand into one after another of a pile of stockings, as if she would tear out by the roots any hole that dared to show itself.

"I'd like to see you count up how many hours you've spent going through that World Almanac," she suggested with a specious air of helpfulness. "Or how long it took you to count those 'begats' in the Old Testament."

She speared a stocking hole with deadly aim and yanked at it with her thread as though she were playing a trout.

"I'd like to see you put those hours end to end at a penny apiece and see how far they'd reach! I'll guarantee you'd have a barber's shop of your own instead of working for Tony Sorelli all your life . . . Joe Diamond! Are you listening to me?"

Mr. Diamond started and made a hasty check mark on his pad.

"Certainly, me dear."

"Then am I right or am I wrong?"

Mr. Diamond drew a deep breath and dipped the medicine dropper into the Scalpkool bottle.

"It's just how you look at it," he evaded. "It just so happens I believe in improving my mind."

Mrs. Diamond laughed shortly as she speared another hole.

"I suppose it improves your mind a lot to know that it takes ten thousand turnip seeds to make a pound?"

Mr. Diamond checked off another tenth drop before he answered:

"It's kind of interesting, isn't it?"

"It would be a lot more interesting if it put an extra five shillings in your pay envelope on Saturday night," said Mrs. Diamond.

Mr. Diamond laid down the medicine dropper and faced his spouse with ominous calm.

"In that case," he said, speaking slowly for the proper dramatic effect, "you will be glad to know that the pork chops I brought home yesterday evening were paid for by that bit of information."

The subject of seed, he explained, had come up in the shop the previous day, and he had happened to remark that turnip seeds ran about ten thousand to the ounce—not the pound, as Mrs. Diamond had erroneously stated. Mr. Ledoux, the stockbroker, had been in Mr. Diamond's chair at the time, and had doubted the statement.

The upshot was a wager of half-a-crown that the number could not exceed two thousand; so Ivory, the porter, was sent out for a package of seeds. When they had counted one thousand, Mr. Ledoux had conceded defeat.

Mrs. Diamond pretended an exaggerated astonishment.

"So we're really getting rich, after all," she exclaimed. "My! And I'm just darning socks to see how many darns will go in a 10½ sock! I wonder if Mr. Ledoux would like to bet on that."

Mr. Diamond, disdaining to continue the debate on a plane of low humour, fell silent, but Mrs. Diamond did not. She spoke on and on until she reached the climax.

". . . And I'm not going to put up with it any longer. You're going to have it out with Tony Sorelli to-morrow, and get his promise to give you some commission. And you're going to put away ten shillings a week until you can get a shop of your own. Do you understand?"

Mr. Diamond corked the bottle of hair tonic, wiped the medicine dropper, and said, "Yes, dear."

The prospect of talking shillings and pence with Tony was faintly disturbing, but he did not let his mind dwell on it. He was enjoying the satisfaction of a job well done. He knew, at last, how many drops are in a bottle of Scalpkool.

Tony Sorelli was blessed with a most excellent digestion, out of which flowed an easy-going disposition, an unflagging interest in the more trivial doings of his fellow man, and the happy faculty of being genuinely amused by a joke he had heard twenty times before.

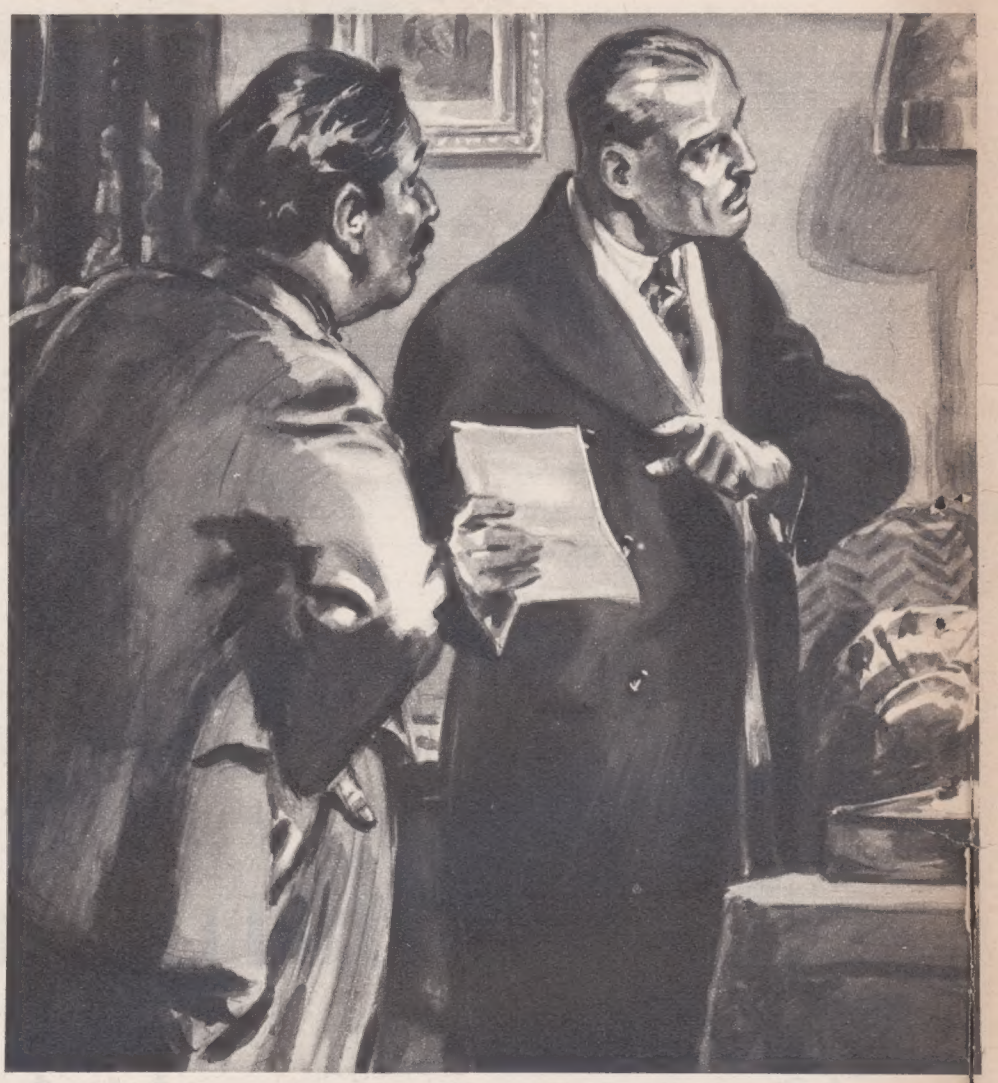
And Tony's Acme Barbers shop was a reflection of himself. The heresies of sanitised service had never touched his chairs. He wasted no thought on that breed of men who want to be shaved in silence and to have a nickel-plated dingus blow the hair from their necks. Such folks could betake themselves to the-tile-and-chromium tomb in the National Bank Building, and good riddance. Normal gregarious men would come to Tony's, and come again.

And they did. Men like Mr. Ledoux and Mr. Samuels and Mr. Glass, noisy, free-spending members of the Stock Exchange; Mr. Allen, who ran the big advertising firm; "Big Jim" Bailey, the bridge-company man; old Mr. Haszo, of the Haszo

(*Continued overleaf*)

Continuing

Mr. Diamond, FACTOLOGIST



Illustrated by Sinclair Calow

Construction Company—dozens of big men like that came to Tony's because they could be sure of good talking there. There was always an argument at Tony's.

Food, for instance. Tony himself, round with the memory of his wife's mountainous platters, represented final authority on such matters as sole court bouillon or ravioli, and he enjoyed talking of them almost as much as eating them.

Discussions of football, cricket and boxing were led by fat and horn-rimmed Tom Fields at Chair No. 3, who hadn't missed a fight at the Albert Hall for fifteen years, nor seen a football match in the same long span. He spoke the final word, too, in such suburban matters as flowers and vegetables, having his own little house and garden in the suburbs.

And on matters dealing with night life, lady-killing and the proper composition of a White Lady there could be no higher authority than Frenchy, the custodian of Chair No. 4. Frenchy Stubbs, who owed his nickname to a moustache and sideburns which reflected his shifting taste in masculine film idols, knew life. Particularly the night life of Soho.

But all these specialists deferred to the one man among them who took all knowledge to be his sphere.

On Tony's staff, Mr. Diamond held Chair No. 2, next to Tony's own, as professor of the Department of Astounding Information. All questions of an abstruse nature were referred to him; and if he did not always know the answer sought, he never failed to come up with some scrap of information so startling that the original question was forgotten.

So, when Mr. Diamond entered the shop this morning he was greeted with friendly respect and he replied with quiet dignity. When he had donned the linen coat and his rimless glasses, he held his head a little higher and ceased to look bald; he became, rather high-domed and intellectual.

This morning he seemed especially intellectual, for he was frowning slightly. Mrs. Diamond had reminded him, as he left the house, that life is short, life is earnest, and Tony must be tapped for a rise—to-day.

Tony, at the moment, was describing with lusty ecstasy the dinner his good wife had prepared for him the night before—*minestrone* as only Mrs. Sorelli could make it, some salami her mother had sent over—her own make—and as the *pièce de résistance*, a brace of young mallards.

Mr. Diamond thoughtfully groomed his razors on the strop. He waited patiently until Tony closed his eyes and dreamily kissed his finger tips in tribute to the young wild duck.

"Speaking of young ducks and geese, and things like that," said Mr. Diamond, "would you believe that geese have been known to live eighty years?"

Tony would not believe it. Neither would Frenchy Stubbs. Tom Fields was even more positive. It was his opinion that a ten-year-old goose would be a senile wreck.

"Fact, though," said Mr. Diamond. "Fellow in Dublin, name of Willoughby, has one that's still alive, eighty years old. I was reading about it."

He produced a bulging wallet from his hip pocket, searched through a handful of yellowed scraps and clippings, and at length produced a dog-eared cartoon which contained a sketch of the venerable goose. The shop was dumbfounded.

This pleasant triumph erased the frown from Mr. Diamond's brow. As the morning wore on and the shop was successively astonished by the information that there are 131,687 policeman in the United States, and that bees, despite evidence to the contrary, are not able to pierce the skin of grapes, he almost succeeded in banishing thought of his approaching interview with Tony.

His most startling news, though, he was saving for the hour of Mr. Ledoux's visit. That would be shortly after 10.30, when Mr. Ledoux's partner relieved him on the floor of the House.

Everybody at Tony's saved his best joke or the choicest bit of gossip for Mr. Ledoux's daily visit. Mr. Ledoux was a great favourite. He made bags of money and spent every penny of it, but still you could kid him just as you would Tony or Tom. He'd been to Tony's home several times for some real spaghetti, and every once in a while he gave Tom some fight tickets when he couldn't go himself.

And gamble! He'd bet on anything, and for any amount. He and "Big Jim" Bailey, the bridge man, sat right in these chairs once and bet twenty pounds on which one had the tougher beard. They had Tony take samples and they sent them to a laboratory somewhere.

When Mr. Ledoux came in this morning, he was roaring jubilantly. He tossed a tightly crumpled note to Mr. Diamond as he began unpeeling his coat. "Buy yourself a cigar," he chuckled.

Mr. Diamond, suspecting a practical joke, unfolded the bill. It was a five-pound note—apparently genuine.

Mr. Ledoux waited for the shop's suspense to reach its peak before he explained.

"That's to show you I can learn a lesson, you turnip-seed swindler," he scolded jovially. "Thought you'd caught a fool, didn't you, talking me into that bet? I should have rammed a lather brush down your throat right then and there."

Mr. Diamond pretended to protest vigorously.

"Well, I'm not going to lose half a crown and be made a fool of," declared Mr. Ledoux. "I had to get that money back somehow; so yesterday I caught young Mason.

"And, by George, he had it coming anyway. He took fifty pounds off me at poker recently and was far too noisy about it. So I got him started about his farm, and when he said something about not being able to grow good cabbages, I let him have it.

"I just dropped a little remark that he ought to plant about a half ounce of turnip seeds, and next thing you know, Mason was waving a cheque in my face.

"So now, you four-eyed old pirate," concluded Mr. Ledoux, "I've got back the half a crown you stole from me, and £9 17s. 6d. profit. It was so easy I wouldn't feel right to keep it all, so I'm splitting with you."

Mr. Diamond expressed his gratitude.

"Never mind that," said Mr. Ledoux. "All I ask is, don't talk me into any more of your sure-thing bets."

Mr. Diamond's pale eyes sparkled behind their glasses. The whole shop was proud of him, since the coup was as much his as Mr. Ledoux's.

As he shaved Mr. Ledoux he was pleasantly conscious of the lump that the crumpled note made in his pocket. And he was picturing, too, the expression on Mrs. Diamond's face when she saw the second instalment of his turnip-seed winnings.

He listened dreamily as Mr. Ledoux, speaking through a blowhole Mr. Diamond had left in the lather, added further details of young Mason's chagrin. Only when the subject was thoroughly exhausted did Mr. Diamond prepare to release his newest sensation.

He waited until he heard Tony ask Mr. Lassiter, the wholesale-paper man, if he would have tonic.

"Speaking of tonic, Tony," said Mr. Diamond, "I found out something last night that was a big surprise to me."

Tony, suitably curious, suspended operations on Mr. Lassiter on a pretence of giving his razor an extra stropping.

"I was thinking," said Mr. Diamond, "that we probably waste a lot of hair tonic in a shop like this. Seemed as if there ought to be a way of giving exactly the right amount to every customer."

He paused for a delicate manœuvre on Mr. Ledoux's chin, and the whole shop waited on his words.

"How do you mean?" asked Tony.

"For instance," Mr. Diamond replied, "do you know how many drops of tonic it takes to invigorate a scalp properly?"

Tony shook his head, awed at this application of the scientific method.

"I've been experimenting," said Mr. Diamond. "It takes exactly seventy-three drops. Any less isn't enough, and any more is a waste."

"Is that a fact?" exclaimed Tony. "You're not kidding me?"

Mr. Diamond shook his head and for the space of ten seconds concentrated, frowning, on removing the stubble from Mr. Ledoux's Adam's apple.

"Now," he resumed, wiping his blade on the ball of his thumb, "do you know how many tonics we ought to get out of a gallon?"

Tony was dazed. He shook his head.

"Well, out of a pint, then." Mr. Diamond was magnanimous. "Take it this way: how many drops would you say there was in a pint?"

Tony hazarded weakly: "Maybe one thousand. No, I guess nine hundred."

"How many would you say, Mr. Ledoux?" Mr. Diamond wanted to get them all guessing.

Mr. Ledoux guessed two thousand. Frenchy went between the two previous estimates with fifteen hundred, and Tom Fields went ahead to guess an even three thousand. Mr. Diamond smiled a trifle patronisingly as he finished rubbing lotion into Mr. Ledoux's chin.

"You're all quite wrong," he announced. "There's almost six thousand. To be exact, there's five thousand eight hundred and seventy-three."

Tony was stunned. "It isn't possible," he asserted.

"It's more than possible," said Mr. Diamond. "It's a fact."

"You counted them?" asked Mr. Ledoux.

Mr. Diamond nodded. "Every single drop."

Mr. Ledoux slapped his thigh and let out a roar that rocked the room.

"Joe," he gasped as he struggled out of the chair, "you're the countingest man I ever heard of! I'll bet there isn't anybody else in the world ever thought of counting the drops in hair tonic!"

He was laughing so hard he bumped right into Mr. Allen, the advertising man, when Mr. Allen stepped up to the chair. He was still laughing when he went out the door.

Mr. Allen was not laughing. He had been waiting quite a while and he was scowling as he planked himself into the chair.

"As quick as you can, Joe," he commanded sharply. "I've got an important appointment in ten minutes."

Mr. Diamond adjusted the apron carefully. Tony, meanwhile, had been slowly puzzling over the hair tonic.

"In this space he'll have your picture, and underneath it your affidavit that you counted every drop."

"But Joe," he asked, "how're we to know how to get seventy-three drops on every customer? You can't count seventy-three drops every time a man wants a tonic!"

"That's easy," said Mr. Diamond, smoothing a hot towel over Mr. Allen's face. "Before I counted the drops, I squirted a pint out of a regular hair-tonic bottle from the shop. There's three hundred and twenty-five squirts out of a pint. Good hard squirts, like this."

He illustrated with a bottle from the bar.

"Now," he said, "divide five thousand eight hundred and seventy-three drops by three hundred and twenty-five squirts. You get eighteen and a fraction—meaning that every squirt has a little over eighteen drops. So you see——"

For the moment he had forgotten Mr. Allen under the hot towel, but not for long.

With a smothered bellow, Mr. Allen rose in his chair and gave the towel a yank which sent it sailing over Tom's head. His face was a fiery red, as if he were choking, and he was clawing at the apron around his neck.

"Do you realise I've got a twenty thousand pound deal waiting?" he bellowed. His glare froze Mr. Diamond in his tracks. "Can't a man get shaved properly in this place any more?"

He turned to Tony, who took a few steps backward.

"Have you got any barbers that aren't too busy to shave a man?" he roared. "Anybody that isn't occupied counting drops and squirts?"

He ripped the apron from his neck, and gave it a backhand flip into Mr. Diamond's stricken face. Tony's voice came back in a torrent of apologetic phrases and he ushered Mr. Allen gently in the direction of Frenchy Stubb's chair.

"Fix Mr. Allen up quickly," he commanded. "He's in a hurry."

"If I'm not out of here in five minutes I stand to lose a twenty thousand pound account," snarled Mr. Allen, "so keep off the drops and squirts."

Tony tiptoed back to his chair and Mr. Diamond motioned wordlessly to a waiting customer. For the rest of the morning the silence in the Acme Barbers shop was broken only by the snip of shears and the hum of the electric clippers. When Tony offered his customers a Scalpkool treatment, he spoke in tones suggesting that a dear friend was dying in the back room.

At lunch time Mr. Ledoux lured Mason into Johnny's Grill.

Over the lunch he eulogised the man who had counted the turnip seeds.

"Know what he's been finding out now?" he demanded.

Mr. Mason was profoundly uninterested.

"He's been counting the drops in a pint of hair tonic!"

Mr. Mason's lip curled scornfully.

"Then he's a fool," said Mr. Mason. "He could find it out with a pencil in thirty seconds." He demonstrated with some figures on the table top. "There's four hundred and eighty drops in an ounce, and sixteen ounces in a pint. Sixteen times four hundred and eighty equals seven thousand six hundred and eighty drops. And that's the answer.

"Yes?" said Mr. Ledoux nastily. He took the pencil from Mason and did some subtracting."

"You're only wrong," he announced, "by one thousand eight hundred and seven drops. Say 30 per cent. The correct answer is five thousand eight hundred and seventy-three drops."

The light of battle gleamed in Mason's eyes.

"I'd like to take a little of your money on that," he suggested cannily, "but it wouldn't be fair. I worked in a laboratory when I was a kid, so I know. A grain is a drop, and there's four hundred and eighty grains in an ounce."

"Are you sure?" goaded Mr. Ledoux. "After all, Joe Diamond has cost you ten pounds already to-day."

Mason rose to the bait like a hungry fish. "I'm sure enough to take any little wager you'd like to make, up to two hundred and fifty," he said challengingly.

Before accepting the bet, Mr. Ledoux 'phoned Mr. Diamond to confirm his recollection of the correct figure. He explained Mason's arithmetic. "You couldn't be mistaken, could you?" he asked.

"Absolutely not, Mr. Ledoux," Mr. Diamond assured him. "Mr. Mason must have been calculating on water. Hair tonic is different; it's a mixture—alcohol, oils and all kinds of stuff—so that you couldn't calculate it the same way at all. You'd have to count it, like I did."

Mr. Ledoux chuckled wickedly.

"Then we've got him in the bag. You want some of this easy money yourself? Fifty pounds?"

Mr. Diamond choked and stammered. He certainly would, but——

"I'll put it up for you," Mr. Ledoux offered grandly. "We're partners, aren't we? Okay, you're in for fifty pounds."

Mr. Diamond hung up the phone with a faraway look in his pale eyes, and went back to shaving Mr. Glendin, the cement man.

A pall of silence had hung over the barber's shop all morning, the smoky residue of Mr. Allen's explosion. The upheaval had left its mark on the spirits of everyone, most of all on Mr. Diamond.

So deep was the silence that Mr. Diamond refrained from announcing the news of Mr. Ledoux's newest plot. But knowledge of it banished the memory of Mr. Allen's outburst. Fifty pounds, just like that! An absolute certainty! Man!

Frenchy and Tom went to lunch presently, and when Mr. Glendin departed, Tony and Mr. Diamond were left alone. For a time Tony pretended an unusual busyness, giving his best razor a careful stropping, rearranging the bottles of tonic and hunting an imaginary defect in the clippers. Then he coughed, twice.

"What's the matter, Joe, why did you make Mr. Allen so annoyed?"

Mr. Diamond walked stiffly to his locker and retrieved a cigar stub.

"Looked as if he was annoyed when he came in," he suggested.

Tony shook his head.

"I'm a think maybe he's right," he said. "Maybe we've got too much of a talking round here, and not enough of the business."

Looking for a way of administering reproof without offence, Tony was handicapped by the guilty knowledge that, in point of loquacity, he was the shop's deepest offender.

"You know, Joe," he apologised, "all the time there's talk of how many islands is the Philippines and how many potatoes in a sack. Maybe it's a too much."

Mr. Diamond fingered the five-pound note bill in his pocket, and the faraway look in his eyes deepened. He remembered, too, that he was expected to ask Tony for a rise to-day.

"I try to be agreeable with the customers," he said, a little too softly.

Tony interpreted this as an evasion of the issue. Mr. Allen, he pointed out, hadn't seemed to like the agreeableness.

There was more of this on both sides, while Mr. Diamond's gaze seemed to reach farther and farther into space. Presently he walked back to his locker and took off his jacket.

"I'm sorry," he said loftily. "I didn't know I'd been driving customers away all these years. You won't lose any more."

"What do you mean, Joe?" Tony laid the clippers down, startled.

"I wouldn't stay when I'm costing you money," said Mr. Diamond, donning his street coat. "Besides, I've been considering getting a little shop of my own."

Tony laid a hand on Mr. Diamond's shoulder.

"What are you saying, Joe?" he asked anxiously. "You don't mean you're leaving? After all these years?"

Mr. Diamond nodded as he brushed past.

Volubly, Tony protested that Joe was making a great mistake, that he should not be taking offence, that he would never be happy away from the old shop. But the faraway look never left Mr. Diamond's eyes as he methodically fitted his razors into their case.

"I'll drop in on Monday for my pay," he said, and with head erect he walked out of the Acme Barbers shop to face the world.

Mr. Diamond's nostrils expanded as he sniffed the air of the open road—no less exhilarating because the open road chanced to be a narrow street in the City. He had always wanted to resign from a job, leaving a baffled employer calling after him.

Before Frenchy came to the Acme, there had been a regular parade of barbers past Chair No. 4, men who worked behind that chair a month or two and left spectacularly. Mr. Diamond had always had something of a fellow feeling for these soldiers of fortune who flouted the security of a good job to go questing adventure in strange shops and distant cities.

If he hadn't married so young, he often thought, he would have been like that himself.

Strolling down Old Broad Street he fingered the five pound note in his pocket and reflected pleasantly that by Monday there would be a roll of ten such notes in his pocket. He paused as he reached the snack bar where he usually ate a sandwich, and passed on. He went on to Sharp's restaurant, where he had a table to himself with a white cloth on it.

After a leisurely luncheon, he considered. Perhaps he should take the bus out to see the little shop Jack Firth had wanted to sell to Tom. Twenty pounds would swing that deal.

On the other hand, the fifty pounds coming from Mr. Ledoux would be sufficient for a brand-new shop. The building society people would jump at that as down payment for a two-chair shop. And again, the Sunday ads. might have something. There was no hurry.

It might be better to spend the afternoon picking up some ideas.

He had never visited the Iberville Hotel's glitteringly sanitary barber shop, so he tried that first, and was shaved by a man who wasn't half the barber that Tony was.

He smiled as he stretched his legs luxuriously and recalled the look on Tony's face when he walked out. The scene had gone off very well, he felt. Tony had been surprised, not to say chagrined; it had

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Continuing Mr. Diamond, FACTOLOGIST

been impressed on him that Mr. Diamond was not a man to be pushed around like some gin-drinking tramp.

At the same time, there had been no harsh words on either side, and Mr. Diamond was glad of that. Tony, after all, was a good sort at heart, and it had been pleasant working for him. After thirteen years without a quarrel, it would be a shame to end up with hard feelings.

Even when he got his own shop, the Acme would still feel like home to him. It would really be a wrench to be away from the place, but, of course, any man would rather have his own shop. And he could still drop in at the Acme once in a while.

From the Iberville he wandered over the St. Andrew Hotel for a hair-cut and from there he went to the Academy for a manicure. Nowhere did he see a barber who had anything on the boys at the Acme.

Being Friday, Mrs. Diamond wouldn't be expecting him until after eight. He looked forward to an interesting evening. He would let Mrs. Diamond guess a little, he decided; it wouldn't hurt her to know that he could make decisions for himself.

Mrs. Diamond was resting on the sofa when he arrived. She leaped up, startled.

"Joe! Are you ill?" she cried.

Mr. Diamond hung his coat in the hall stand before he replied.

"Never felt better," he assured her.

"But it's Friday! What's happened?"

"Nothing much."

Mr. Diamond unfolded the evening paper he had picked up on the porch and scanned the headlines for a moment. Then, as an afterthought, he added, "I left Tony's to-day."

Mrs. Diamond stiffened for a moment, then seemed to go limp.

"You left!" An awful thought struck her: "You mean he sacked you? On account of asking for more money?"

"He didn't sack me." Mr. Diamond shook out the paper and glanced at the sports pages. "I didn't ask him for a rise. I just left."

Mrs. Diamond fell into a chair, her mouth working noiselessly.

"But why, Joe?" she asked hoarsely. "Have you got another job?"

Mr. Diamond shook his head absently as he studied the sports page. "No," he said finally, "I suppose there aren't many jobs kicking around these days."

"Then why ——" moaned Mrs. Diamond. Her voice rose hysterically as the extent of the disaster unfolded. "What are we going to live on? Do you know how much we owe for groceries? Are you going to count oyster shells for a living, or what?"

Mr. Diamond reluctantly tore his eyes away from the paper.

"I'm thinking of buying a little shop," he said. "That was what you wanted, wasn't it?"

"But what with? If you think you're going to ask my father——"

Mr. Diamond, who had, in fact, toyed with that idea in the past, brushed it aside impatiently.

"Just leave it to me," he urged. "You let me do the worrying for the family. You've never starved yet, have you?"

He returned to the newspaper and turned a deaf ear to pleas, sarcasm and abuse. His will weakened a little when Mrs. Diamond dissolved in tears, but he steeled himself. She needed this lesson.

At supper, Mr. Diamond exhibited the best of spirits, but he was alone. The five small Diamonds recognised Mrs. Diamond's stony silence and compressed lips as a storm signal, even if papa didn't.

While Mrs. Diamond cleared away the dishes, her husband rummaged in the hall closet and extracted a copy of the *Gazetteer* which he had bought for a few coppers from a book shop, a few weeks ago.

Seating himself at the dining-room table, he began a minor task of preliminary exploration. He had often wondered how many towns in England ended in "ton."

Mrs. Diamond popped her head in once to suggest that he ring up Mr. Patorno or Sam Joseph to see if either of them needed a barber, but Mr. Diamond, humming as he placed a figure (15) opposite "Brighton, Sussex," professed his disinterest in getting a job. He would wait and read the "Situations Vacant" ads. to-morrow.

After the dishes were finished, Mrs. Diamond came in to have a heart-to-heart talk while she darned more stockings. Mr. Diamond let her talk freely, because he could afford to ignore what she was saying. His conscience was clear.

Despite the distraction of Mrs. Diamond's monologue, he had found a hundred and fifteen "tons," when the telephone jangled. Mrs. Diamond answered it. "For you," she reported.

Mr. Diamond smiled inwardly. Tony, no doubt, was calling for help—short-handed on their busiest night. He would urge Mr. Diamond to forgive and forget, and come back to work. Well, there was no need to be touchy about it. Mr. Diamond wouldn't mind helping out for an hour or so, just to show the right spirit, but as for taking the job back regularly —hardly!

But the 'phone call was not from Tony.

Mrs. Diamond, listening closely, heard him say, "Oh, hello, Mr. Ledoux," and then he was silent for quite a while. She noticed that he seemed to grow smaller and smaller as he listened.

She heard him say, "But I couldn't be wrong. Are you sure you got Scalpkool?"

Then he was silent for about a minute, and finally he said in a very subdued voice:

"Sure, I understood you were betting it for me, Mr. Ledoux. . . . Yes, Mr. Ledoux, I'll pay it back, all right. Of course, I can't do it right away, but I can pay a little each week, say."

He upset the telephone when he tried to hang up the receiver.

"Why is Mr. Ledoux calling you?" demanded his wife.

Mr. Diamond looked at her through glassy eyes.

"Little matter about a bet," he muttered.

Mrs. Diamond knew when the advantage was on her side.

"What kind of a bet? What're you looking so funny for?"

For a time Mr. Diamond entertained the wild idea of brazening it out, but Mrs. Diamond's face, when finally he was able to focus on it, told him there was no hope of that. Under her aggressive cross-questioning the whole story of the bet came out, hind end foremost. After betting fifty pounds for Mr. Diamond, and two hundred pounds for himself, Mr. Ledoux had spent the afternoon with Mason, counting the drops in a pint of Scalpkool.

"They made a mistake, somehow," Mr. Diamond said. "Instead of five thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, they counted seven thousand six hundred and thirty-one. It's bound to be wrong, but Mr. Ledoux had to pay him."

At first, Mrs. Diamond was merely furious. But further questioning developed that this was why Mr. Diamond had left his job. This was where the money for the shop was coming from. And now there would be no shop, and Mr. Diamond was out of a job, and they owed Mr. Ledoux fifty pounds.

Mere fury was inadequate for this. The screams which followed brought the five small Diamonds home from across the street, apparently under the impression that papa had struck their mother.

Mr. Diamond knew when he was licked, and for the next fifty minutes he bowed to the storm. Only on one point was he stubbornly insistent. From time to time, when Mrs. Diamond paused for breath, he entered, solely for the record, a formal denial.

It wasn't really his fault; he had counted every drop of that pint of Scalpkool. His figures were right.

On other points he yielded. He would go to Tony to-morrow and beg for his job back. He would tell Mr. Ledoux that he would have to wait for his money.

"And another thing," Mrs. Diamond stipulated, pressing her advantage. "You're going to stop this counting. The next time I catch you counting anything above ten, that day I take the children and go!"

Mr. Diamond was on the point of promising when the door bell rang.

It was Tony—Tony Sorelli—hatless and breathless, with Mr. Allen, the advertising man, standing behind him.

In a Latin rush of words, Tony seemed to be pleading with good old Joe not to be angry—not to be angry with Tony, not to be angry with Mr. Allen. For a good customer like Mr. Allen he asked it as a favour. Bygones would be bygones.

Dazed, and still low in spirits, Mr. Diamond offered a lukewarm invitation to come in. He led them into the front room, muttered introductions to Mrs. Diamond. Mr. Allen coughed.

"To begin with," he said, "I want to apologise about this morning, and explain it."

Mr. Diamond looked at him absently. "That's all right," he muttered.

"You see," Mr. Allen went on, "I'd been working every night for weeks on a twenty thousand pound campaign for the Sno-Oil Hand Softener people. I'd been having the devil's own time with it, and my nerves were in shreds.

"The worst of it was, the programme we'd worked out was a failure, and I knew it. I was on my way to meet the board when I stepped in to get shaved, so you can see why I blew up."

Mr. Diamond just stared, and Mr. Allen hurried on:

"But here's the point: All that talk about drops and squirts stuck in my mind. And when the board turned down my campaign, an inspiration struck me. Right on the spot I outlined the idea for a new series built around you, holding you up as a man who believes in getting value received. Like this——"

He produced from an attache case a pencilled layout. At the top, in heavy black letters, it said:

JOE DIAMOND COUNTS THE DROPS WHEN HE BUYS HAND LOTION

Underneath, in smaller type, it said:

He Says Four Drops Will Make Your Hands Like Velvet—and There Are 38,000 Drops in Our Pint-Sized Bottle

"In this space," said Mr. Allen, pointing to a square, "we'll have your picture, and underneath it your affidavit that you counted every drop See?"

Mr. Diamond shook his head dubiously. "There couldn't be so many drops," he objected.

Mr. Allen brushed that aside. "Whatever there is. Of course, we'll pay you for the use of your picture. Say fifty pounds."

Mrs. Diamond's back was crawling with excitement, but Mr. Diamond looked as if he hadn't been listening at all.

"I don't know," he said finally. "I couldn't swear to anything without counting it."

"Oh, sure," agreed Mr. Allen. "Well, say we make it seventy-five pounds for your trouble? Is it a deal?"

Mr. Diamond hesitated, and it was Tony who finally exploded: "For a good customer like a Mr. Allen, Joe, you ain't a gonna say no?"

"All right," said Mr. Diamond absently.

To make everything complete, said Tony, Joe should forget this talk about getting his own shop and come back to the Acme.

"It ain't a like nothing when you go away," he protested. "And for what you want a go buying a shop? Most likely you lose a money. And it's a gonna be lonesome. Listen; you come back Monday; I give you a percentage on the takings. Okay?"

Mr. Diamond smiled faintly, then, "All right," he said, and Tony pumped his hand wildly.

When the door closed, Mrs. Diamond and the five little Diamonds clustered about him. Mrs. Diamond's eyes looked like stars, and she laid her head on his breast.

"Oh, Joe," she said, with something like a sniffle. "I'm so proud of you!"

Mr. Diamond patted her shoulder, his mind far away. "I've got to be more careful on my count this time," he said. "I can't make a mistake when I'm signing an affidavit."

He patted her shoulder again, and suddenly his nostrils quivered. The dreamy look left his eyes. "What've you got on your hair?" he barked.

Mrs. Diamond faltered.

Her husband sniffed her hair again, then pounced on the row of little Diamonds and sniffed again and again.

"Scalpkool!" he cried. "Soaked with it!" He impaled Mrs. Diamond with a look. "Did you get it out of that bottle in my bureau?"

"I—I washed their heads yesterday," stammered Mrs. Diamond. "I thought you were finished——"

"Never mind! Never mind!" Mr. Diamond had snatched a pencil stub from his pocket and was figuring furiously. "Ten squirts apiece—more likely fifteen. Fifteen squirts for six heads makes ninety squirts; and eighteen drops to a squirt makes one thousand six hundred and twenty drops. And five thousand eight hundred and seventy-three plus one thousand six hundred and twenty is seven thousand four hundred and ninety-three.

"You see?" He banged the table exultantly and beamed upon his admiring family in triumph. "I knew I was right. I was only out by one hundred and thirty-eight drops!"

Skilled mathematicians at Somerset House "shadow" the millionaires, estimating the potential value of their estates to the Exchequer.

Where MILLIONAIRES *are* WATCHED..

He extracted £85,000,000 in death duties in 1933-4. What have his assessors led him to expect for 1934-35?

PERHAPS some of the millions who stream down the Strand are dimly aware of the multiple romances sheltered behind the solid dignity of Somerset House. But few, if any of those millions, have the faintest inkling of the greatest romance of all. A romance which will play an important part in the forthcoming Budget figures for 1936.

It is bound up with cold, hard figures, this romance, but behind them form and re-form patterns of people worth millions of pounds; men who control vast fortunes. You can watch them emerge from obscurity, shoot meteor-fashion into the limelight, and perhaps slip on into outer space.

Or you can watch the steadier rise of some lesser light, gradually amassing more and more money, until, at last, he begins to attract the attention of the special "shadows" at Somerset House.

Nearly a thousand people are engaged directly and indirectly in the curious task of watching Britain's wealthy men and estimating the value of death duties likely to accrue to the State. In the early spring this work reaches its climax, for the Budget is strongly influenced by the number of millions death duties bring.

Thus, before he can tell whether this or that tax will have to be raised or lowered, Mr. Neville Chamberlain must know how much he can expect from death duties. A ten-million-pound increase in this figure may be responsible for a reduction in several taxes.

The process of watching the millionaires begins in the quiet simplicity of certain rooms at Somerset House, the home of Inland Revenue. Since every wealthy man has to pay income tax or super tax, the clerks and actuaries specially selected for the work have little difficulty in estimating the value either of their fortunes or their incomes.

The figures given must remain approximate, however, since the stocks or shares held by any wealthy man are liable to fluctuate within a few hours and a large block of such stock swiftly declining can materially change anyone's fortune. Several other outside influences also interfere with Inland Revenue calculations. For instance, a man may hold bearer bonds which do not return income tax to the Inland Revenue.

None the less, the figure finally fixed usually proves remarkably accurate. Once the Inland Revenue experts have sifted all the information received and arrived at this conclusion, the scene shifts to the Treasury.

In the dignified quiet of an inner room, panelled and just a little gloomy, six men sit at Queen Anne desks scanning the reports received from Somerset House. They are great mathematicians, the key men in this bewildering business of estimating just what the Treasury can expect from death duties in the coming year.

Remarkably intimate details of the lives of our wealthy men are at their disposal. These, to some extent, are provided by the insurance companies. Since tax rebates can be recovered on insurance premiums, the Treasury has a right to such information.

Thus they learn the age of every wealthy man in relation to his state of health and expectation of life. The fact that a certain shipping magnate had a bad attack of pneumonia two years ago is not known to the general public, but the death duty experts have it carefully recorded on their charts. In the same way the weak heart of another wealthy woman has greatly influenced the calculations of the six key men.

Next, extensive inquiries are made about bearer bonds. Meanwhile, the experts are kept fully informed of any deed of gift made by a rich man to his heirs. By making over their fortune to relatives, while they are still alive, and drawing a set income from them, many wealthy men might escape the payment of death duties.

Once they have completed this general grounding, the key men settle down to the gigantic task of calculating, mathematically, with due regard to a hundred subtle influences, precisely what Mr. Neville Chamberlain can expect in death duties for his next budget. From all the facts before them they estimate what percentage of millionaires will die. Naturally

by Vincent Brome

it takes considerable time, and fresh information is constantly pouring in.

Such is the skill of these magicians, that their forecasts over the last ten years have been remarkably accurate.

Death duties in the year 1923-4 totalled only some fifty-seven million pounds. By 1927-8 they had jumped to seventy million, while in the following year they topped eighty-one million. In 1932-3 they fell away again, but in 1933-4 they reached their highest peak for ten years at eighty-five million.

This year was one of those very exceptional periods which rather confused the key men. Their estimate of expected death duties was at least eleven millions less.

The actual assessment of death duties is calculated on a rising percentage basis. When the net principal value of the estate exceeds £100, but does not exceed £500, only 1 per cent. is charged. At £100,000 the duty is 19 per cent.

From thousands to the first million it climbs to 38 per cent. Beyond two million it reaches 50 per cent. Unless gifts for charitable purposes are made more than twelve months before death, they are liable to assessment. In the same way most other gifts are liable unless made more than three years before death.

The work of these death duty experts directly influences the daily lives of everyone. Death duties play an important part in the Budget nowadays, which in turn affects us all. Thus no small part of Mr. Chamberlain's celebrated surplus of thirty millions was provided by death duties on the estates of men like the late Sir John Ellerman. This permitted Mr. Chamberlain, in April, 1934, to reduce the tax on beer and to restore cuts in unemployment pay.

The increased expenditure for armaments this year will be met, in no small degree, by death duties, instead of making unpopular economies or increasing taxation. In every way the death duty is of direct benefit to the man in the street. But for many aristocratic families, this duty has brought trying times, and in some cases has broken centuries-old associations with ancestral homes.

In 1920 the eighteenth Baron of Bletso came into his title. With it he inherited a magnificent house and over six thousand acres of land. Then he found that he had scarcely £400 a year with which to maintain his possessions. It was absurdly inadequate. The baron went bankrupt. In discharging him the Registrar remarked that he was certainly faced with an impossible situation.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain is helped considerably by death duties in compiling his 1936 Budget. At the end of December they showed an increase of over five million pounds on the previous year. The death of Lord Woolavington, the famous race-horse owner and whisky merchant, was mainly responsible. He left a fortune of some seven million pounds, and the State took no less than three million five hundred thousand.

Imagine what it is possible to do with three milion five hundred thousand. One could build a fleet of nine hundred aeroplanes, construct hundreds of miles of road, or pay the cost of policing this country for a third of the year.

Among other windfalls which have affected the 1936 Budget are death duties on the estates of A. S. Wills and Mr. Peter Ralli, the first totalling over one million seven hundred thousand and the second five hundred thousand.

In several instances this year, general surprise greeted the public announcement of certain wealthy men's wills. Men popularly supposed to be millionaires turned out to possess less than a million. This happened in the case of the late Lord Melchett. It so often occurs that men who are recognised as millionaires actually have only a millionaire income. The two things are vastly different.

The number of known millionaires, or men with a million pounds in capital, is decreasing. Yet the number of people paying tax on millionaire incomes is increasing.

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SHREDDED WHEAT

"She seemed to be dreaming of something far away."

SHORT SHORT STORY

by W. A. Sweeney

WOMEN *are Like That*

THE window of the front room of George Stanton's cottage was wide open, and the heavily-built young man, with a small ginger moustache, who was walking up the path, could see that Stanton was playing the violin.

The visitor stood outside the window listening to the final, lingering cadence of the Spanish song *Ay . . . Ay . . . Ay. . . .*

"Come in," said Stanton, putting down his violin and speaking through the open window.

The newcomer, whose name was Samuel Marshall, studied the owner of the cottage inside the room.

"And, of course," he said, "you play the violin. You *would*, Stanton. If I could only play a comic song on a mouth-organ——" he stopped and sighed.

"You've known for years that I play the fiddle a bit," replied Stanton, regarding him with mild curiosity. "And what's all this yearning to perform on a mouth-organ? Your words sound like the cryptic writings on the wall of the buried tomb. Sit down and have a drink, you've been too much in the sun."

Marshall sat down while his host went to inner regions to search for refreshments. Stanton, he mused, was certainly a good-looking fellow but, after all, no better-looking, if it came before a competent jury, than he, Marshall. Perhaps, he reflected, stern critics might say that his own type of beauty was a trifle more rumbustious, running more to the red Jersey bull strain, but it was there. But, then, he, Marshall, was a farmer and Stanton was a writer and a bit of a poet, too—*and* he played the violin.

"Of course, you would play the violin, Stanton," he said bitterly, as the other man entered with a laden tray.

Stanton looked at him with slightly wrinkled brow.

"What's on your mind?" he asked.

"It's Maisie Dalton. You know how I feel about her, Stanton. It's no secret, I should think."

"I should think not. Have you announced the joyous tidings that she finds favour in your eyes?"

Marshall clasped his hands and looked fixedly at the floor.

"You don't understand. It's *you* she's crazy about, not me."

"Me?" Stanton considered his friend and then helped himself to a drink. "Extraordinary. And what do you want me to do about it?"

"You," pursued Marshall morbidly, "pay little or no attention to her and she follows you about with the adoring eyes of an infatuated gazelle. I would pull up trees by the roots for her and she would yawn. You, on the other hand, have only to address two sentences to her and she shivers all over the way they do in novels. You're a writer, a poet and, damn it!—of course you play the violin. You would. It's these things in you that appeal to her. It can't be anything else."

"Thank you," interrupted Stanton.

"The things you say and how you say them. The golden tongue stuff. I'm no good at that sort of thing."

"It's a way women have. But you're not blaming me?"

"Oh, no," said Marshall hastily.

"Why don't you tell her how you feel, anyway?"

"I—I'm too dashed timid, to tell you the truth. I'm so different from you, Stanton."

"How do you know?"

Marshall laughed. "Don't try to be funny. No, the last six times I've been alone with her, I've been dumb trying to screw myself up to tell her but——"

"Can't you write and tell her?"

"Now, Stanton, that's a thing that crossed my mind." Marshall took a sip of his drink, nervously. "The only objection is that I'm no good at writing things like that, either. Now you, of course, that's up your street. I was wondering"—he cleared his throat—"I was wondering, Stanton, if—if *you* would write to her for me."

"You want me to tell her you want to marry her?" Stanton removed his pipe from his mouth and stared at the other.

"No, write to her for me. I'll copy it out."

Stanton drew a deep breath. "You're serious?"

"Perfectly serious. It's the only hope for me, as far as I can see."

"You realise how she'll feel about it if she finds out some day?"

"How can she find out? Besides, it's only a matter of asking you to assist me to explain my emotions in the manner that will have most effect on her. You're the lad for that sort of thing with the women—it's your job. Remember, *my* emotions are *there*, though I can't express them as well as you would. My job's farming, not singing love songs and playing the guitar—worse luck."

"Shades of Cyrano de Bergerac and Roxanne!" murmured Stanton. "Be it so. I'll do it now."

He crossed to a writing-table and began to write the letter without consulting Marshall, who sat puffing at his pipe and watching him with the hopeful, anxious eyes of a terrier expecting the master to work some miracle for its benefit.

At last Stanton arose, read the missive over and handed it to the other.

"Heavens, it's long!" gasped Marshall. "Five pages."

"Do you figure to write a letter of that nature like an order for vegetables?" said Stanton. His mood seemed to have changed. The flippancy had gone from his tone.

Marshall's eyes were shining as he read. When he finished he turned to Stanton and held out his hand.

"It's marvellous, old man. Marvellous."

"I did the best I could."

"It's wonderful. I'll go home and copy it at once. Thanks, Stanton."

"Good luck," said his host, watching him go down the path with long strides.

For some time Stanton stood at the door, thinking, "I did what he asked," he reflected, "but I hope, for his sake, it doesn't succeed. Marshall's a good scout and, if I'm any judge, his Maisie Dalton is not worth three small green peas. But there you are, love is not only blind but deaf and paralysed as well."

Going inside he went straight to his study table and took from a drawer a photograph of a woman of about thirty-five.

"That's the letter I would write to you, dear, if I dared," he murmured. He looked at the photo for a while, replaced it, returned to the front room again and sat smoking for a long time.

As Marshall stepped into the cottage the following night, Stanton looked at him without a word, to read the signs, and immediately he knew.

"She got the letter?" he asked.

"This morning."

"You've seen her?"

"We had a previous arrangement for tea at my place to-day and after tea we walked down by the river where you and I go fishing sometimes. During tea I made no allusion to the letter, neither did she. I meant to wait till we were out of sight and sound of servants, and so forth. It was very beautiful down by the river and we sat down on the bank and then the chit-chat began to flag somewhat. She seemed to be dreaming of something far away, but the only thing I could see her looking at was flies alighting on the water. She couldn't speak and I began to be hopeful.

"'Maisie,' I said, at last, 'have you nothing to say to me?'

"She didn't answer.

"'Did you get my letter?' I asked her, then.

"She nodded, still studying the flies.

"'And have you nothing to say about it?'

"'No, Samuel,' she replied, and I knew then that all was lost. She sighed and, heaven knows, so did I. And then, trying to play the little man, I said,

"'Oh well, Maisie, if that's how it is, that's how it is. But cheer up, girl, there's no need to be so depressed about it as all that.'

"And do you know," continued Marshall hoarsely, "do you know what she said then?"

"What did she say?"

"She said, 'I was just thinking how much more beautifully George Stanton would have written that letter.'"

Stanton arose without a word, crossed the room and stood for a while, his back to Marshall. Then he turned round.

"Would you like a tune on the fiddle, Marshall, old man?" he inquired gently. "Something soothing."

Unlike Other Ladies

Continuing the remarkable series of real-life dramas, more strange and romantic than any fiction, which is being written especially for "The Passing Show" by

MARJORIE BOWEN

The

After being married to a poor man whom she thought to be a wealthy banker, Bianca Capello (1548-1587) had him murdered in order to become the wife of the Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany. They had no heir, so later she had smuggled into the palace in a mandoline a child which she said was her own; but the Grand Duke's brother, a Cardinal of Rome and heir to the Dukedom of Tuscany after her husband, knew of this deception through the one witness to escape, for, to hush the matter up, the Grand Duchess had had murdered anyone who had been involved in the business. To satisfy her lust for power and position, she finally plotted and schemed, after a reconciliation with the Cardinal, to kill him with her own hand, which she attempted with a poisoned peach. But Fate decreed otherwise, and to know the end of this amazing woman the following story should be read.

AS the Grand Duchess rode out of Florence towards the sumptuous hunting lodge of Poggia da Cajano she turned to right and left, bowing graciously to the citizens gathered at their doors and windows, before their shops and banks to see her pass.

There was no response to her courtesy, only sullen looks, whispered abuse; shrugs and grimaces greeted the most beautiful woman in Italy who was, in the opinion of the Tuscans, also the most cruel and treacherous.

But no shade fell over the brilliant face of Bianca Capello as she slowly guided her white horse along the handsome streets through the yellow autumn sunshine, and her serene majesty, her expression of self-confidence and pride seemed to disdain the hostility of the people over whom she ruled.

The murmur ran round the crowd: "She is going to entertain the Cardinal! She has even had the art to effect a reconciliation with the Cardinal!"

The Duchess Bianca overheard some of these whispers and the smile on her small coral-tinted mouth became edged with triumph—yes, she was satisfied because she had achieved a difficult thing, she had won over the Cardinal Ferdinando de Medici, her husband's brother and, save for her own son, his heir. She was giving a great entertainment to celebrate her victory, and at last, after many laborious intrigues, she saw the future secure and her own great position unassailable.

What did it matter to her if her husband's subjects said among themselves that she had murdered her first husband, that her so-called son Antonio was really a washerwoman's child smuggled into the palace in a mandoline and that all the witnesses to the imposture had been secretly assassinated—all but one, a poor woman who had escaped the murderers and talked and talked?

None of these rumours mattered to the clever and bold Bianca; there had only been one man whom she feared—the Cardinal—and by her brilliant arts she had won him over. At last he had consented to visit her, to recognise her as Grand Duchess of Tuscany and Antonio as the heir.

Holding her pale blonde locks, closely plaited with pearls high as a crown, Bianca Capello rode up under the amber and gold-coloured leaves of the sweet chestnut trees to the Ducal hunting lodge.

There everything was in readiness for a splendid feast. Tables covered with cloths of fine damask were set under trellises hung with vines loaded with gold and purple grapes; among their clustering leaves were set coloured lanterns. The house, with all the windows set open to the sweet autumn air, was lit by crystal lamps, hung with tapestries of gold and silver gauze and set with couches piled with brocade cushions bearing the arms of the Medici.

There Francesco, the Grand Duke, impatiently awaited his wife. He was nervously pacing up and down, biting his livid lip, while an anxious frown contracted his pale brows.

With a brilliant smile Bianca advanced towards him.

"You should look more cheerful, is not this the hour of your triumph? Is not your brother the Cardinal the one person whom you fear, and is he not coming here to-night?"

"I do not trust him," replied the Grand Duke morosely. "Whatever he says, I shall never believe that he is my friend."

"Take him as your enemy, then," smiled Bianca, laying her lovely hand on his black sleeve, "but leave all to me."

"There seems nothing of which you are afraid," whispered the Medici in admiration.

"If I had lacked courage, sir, I should not be here now."

She gently drew the gloomy man to the open window and pointed out to him the tables set beneath the mounting moon, the liveried pages behind each chair, the services of gilt, crystal and porcelain glittering in the lights of the opal-hued lamps.

"I care nothing for these displays," said Francesco, "only for you, Bianca, only for you. . . ."

The Venetian turned on him her eyes, which were of that blue so pure and bright that it was always likened to Indian sapphires; sometimes she was herself amazed at her domination over this man, one of the greatest princes of Italy.

She recalled that day, years ago, when she had been washing clothes before her poor little house on the outskirts of Florence and Francesco had ridden by to the chase.

"When you first saw me," she asked, "what did they tell you of me? I saw you rein in your horse—and stare."

"No one knew anything of you, Bianca, but I soon discovered that you were a noble Venetian who had eloped with that rascal Bonaventuri."

"Hush," smiled Bianca, "he is dead—no need to speak his name to-night."

GRAND DUCHESS *prepares* POISON

. . . the Grand Duke was tearing at the collar of his coat, his features convulsed.

Illustrated by Fortunino Matania

"I wish," said the Grand Duke uneasily, "that he had died any other way."

"He deceived me, he told me he was the son of a great banking house when he was only a poor clerk—he eloped with me, bringing me here to live in squalid poverty, he deserved to die."

"But the scandal of it falls upon us," sighed the Grand Duke. "I feel myself followed by hatred wherever I go. I am no longer easy in Florence."

"Therefore," smiled Bianca, "I have arranged this feast of brotherly reconciliation here where one can neither be spied upon nor censured." Seeing the cloud still on her husband's narrow brow, she added with sudden passion: "Tell me, Francesco, do you regret your love for me?"

She put her strong white hands on his shoulders, forcing him to look at her—brilliant, majestic in her pearls and blue velvet.

"I regret," he whispered, putting his dark fingers round her wrists, "that you deceived me about the child. I would give half the Dukedom, Bianca, if Antonio were really mine."

A spasm of rage marred Bianca's serenity; the one flaw in her careful plans, so audaciously conceived, so skilfully executed, had been the escape of the woman who had confessed to the fraud about the child.

"Had you more courage you would not let this trouble you, Francesco. I showed my confidence in you by confessing—I need not have told you the truth."

"The proofs were convincing," he muttered sourly, "and that accursed woman laid them before Ferdinando."

"Leave it to me," said Bianca. "All I did was for love of you. The world *shall* believe that Antonio is our son, and Ferdinando *shall* recognise him as our heir."

She moved away, leaving her husband standing in the window place, and a shadow of fatigue passed over her smooth white brow. To-night she meant to cast her final throw with Fortune; the stakes were high, the risks great, and she wished that she were mated with a more energetic partner than the sombre and eccentric Grand Duke.

As she moved with her slow and majestic tread to the steps of the house in order to welcome the Cardinal, so long her implacable enemy, she sighed, thinking against her will of the gay, charming and false youth who had beguiled her from her patrician home in Venice—it was true that he had lied to her, brought her to disgrace and poverty, but she had loved him and she thought with regret of his miserable end, murdered in the streets of Florence by unknown assassins.

Who had instructed them? Bianca could guess; she knew that Pietro Bonaventuri had had to die in order that she, Bianca Capello, might become Grand Duchess of Tuscany; but, for a second, weakness overcame her and she thought with bitter homesickness of those days of youthful love in Venice when the handsome young man would steal up in his gondola and whisper beneath the balcony where she affected to be listening to her caged nightingale singing to the moon.

A flicker of torch lights among the olive trees that climbed the terraced slopes showed the approach of the Cardinal and his train. Bianca's eyes half-closed in triumph and she pressed in the palm of her hand her precious amulet, an Eastern bean set in Turkis stone which had been given her long ago by a wise woman and which she believed to possess miraculous power. She always wore it fastened by a fine chain round her right wrist.

Tall black slaves wearing the livery of the Medici with scarlet and orange plumes on their turbans bore the Cardinal's litter to the foot of the steps; pages drew aside the silken curtains and by the cross lights of the unclouded moon and the clear burning torches Ferdinando de Medici alighted from among his cushions.

Bianca descended the smooth steps covered with a silken tapestry and sunk on her knees before her brother-in-law, kissing his hand with an air of affection and submission.

The Cardinal raised her, and graciously accepting her welcome offered her his arm and led her into the pavilion where the Grand Duke waited his brother.

"I am glad your Eminence has at length deigned to accept my offer of friendship."

Francesco held out his hand, Ferdinando clasped it, and the brothers looked into each other's face—while Bianca, the cause of their long and bitter dissension, watched them with as meek an expression as her naturally proud features could assume.

Her husband had little of her love and none of her respect; only ambition kept her united to him and forced her to humour his half-insane whims, his terrible glooms, his unaccountable moods, his distasteful habits of eating only highly-spiced foods such as raw eggs with red pepper, ginger piled on rank cheese and raw roots of any description. Nor had Bianca, the Venetian patrician, found it easy to endure the Grand Duke's habit of sleeping between iced sheets after drinking beakers of snow water and bathing in snow.

She looked at him now with the detached irony of a woman who is dependent upon a man whom she despises, and she thought with a sneer: The Cardinal is the better Prince and the more deserving to rule over Tuscany.

The younger Prince was indeed the better favoured of the two brothers, and his alert, graceful air, his fine features, his easy manners made the dark-browed Grand Duke appear all the more sombre, awkward and sinister.

Bianca approached the two men and expressed her gratification at the reconciliation "between the two noble Princes of the House of Medici."

The Cardinal looked at her shrewdly, a half-mocking smile on his thin lips, and she added haughtily, stung by his expression of contempt: "I am well aware that I have stood between your Eminence and the Grand Duke, between you and Florence—but is this feud forgotten?" Her tone was that of challenge and her large blue eyes cast a cold glance at the Cardinal as she played with a rope of Medici pearls that hung round her lovely neck.

"Let us understand each other," replied the Cardinal, lightly taking the lady's hand and escorting her to one of the golden couches. "I am here as the result of letters of good-will from you and my brother."

"I hope you come in friendship," said Francesco softly, who stood behind his seated wife.

"How gloomy you look, brother," smiled the Cardinal, "whereas I have the better reason to frown and sigh."

"Why?" demanded Bianca.

"Madame, you know what I thought of my brother's marriage to his mistress—the wife of a low born clerk!"

"This to my face!" cried the Grand Duke, but Bianca hushed him by pressing her firm white fingers on his nervous hand that grasped the back of the couch.

"Let us, indeed," she said ironically, "understand one another."

"You know," continued the Cardinal unmoved, "what I thought of the—murder—of Bianca's husband—and my opinion of the manner in which your first Duchess, Francesco, met her sudden death."

"Certainly," said Bianca dryly, "you never ceased to regard these accidents as if they were—crimes."

The Cardinal slightly bowed his head as if he complimented the lady on her composure.

"You know," he continued steadily, "that I have long since discovered that young Antonio is a washerwoman's son—put forward as a Medici in

(*Continued overleaf*)

CONTINUING

Unlike Other Ladies...

order to defraud me of my inheritance."

"Brother!" exclaimed the Grand Duke in a terrible voice. "Antonio is my heir, I will not endure any question on this matter."

"I bow to your power," replied the Cardinal.

Bianca rose.

"Is that why you came here tonight," she asked, "because you—bow to my power?"

"Yes, Madame. I no longer have any weapons against you. I have struggled against you in vain. You have married my brother, you have imposed a stranger on Tuscany as heir to the Duchy—you are a wonderful, brilliant—a most beautiful woman." The Cardinal raised Bianca's hand to his lips and kissed it. "I submit to you, I recognise you as Grand Duchess, your adopted son as heir. I, poor priest, can strive with you no more. Now let us have our feast in friendly pleasantry."

"My secretary," smiled Bianca, "will conduct your Eminence to the apartments prepared for your use. Supper is in half an hour's time—then we have a concert, a comedy, a display of fireworks and a ballet."

The Cardinal bowed and took his leave. He was hardly out of earshot before the Grand Duke turned savagely on his wife.

"He does not mean a word of this friendship! He has only come in order to work us some ill turn in secret! Why did you ask him here?"

"Not because I thought to gain his friendship," sneered Bianca. "How could I suppose that such hatred as he must feel for me could ever be appeased? How could I believe that he could ever endure to be cheated of his heritage?"

"Why then—this farce, this feast?"

The elopement of Bianca Capello from Venice

"Can you not guess?" whispered Bianca. "Could you not trust me? He is our only powerful enemy—and he has walked into a trap."

Husband and wife exchanged glances, then Bianca laughed and went to her room to put on her overmantle of golden gauze, her coronet of pearls and diamonds and to slip into her embroidered corsage a phial of colourless liquid which she took from a secret compartment of her jewel case.

The Cardinal had the place of honour at the banquet held under the vines, the light of moon and coloured lamps, to the sound of viols and guitars Bianca, glittering like the sun, was on his right hand, Francesco, uneasy and vindictive under his forced gaiety, sat to the left.

Bianca, in order to gain the confidence of her proposed victim, shared wine and food with him, tasting the same dishes, the same drinks, the same dishes, even, under pretence of goodwill, exchanging glasses.

The Cardinal for his part was gay and amiable, even extending his good humour to young Antonio, a lad of fifteen years of age who bore himself with intolerable insolence.

"Ay, my lord Cardinal," thought Bianca, "laugh while you can," and she shot a glance of triumph at her husband as she bid the page bring a dish of the choicest peaches, while she unfastened from her bosom a small late white rose.

The Grand Duke's favourite sweet, a tart of crushed almonds, was placed before him and he began to eat greedily.

Bianca, as usual, ate a portion of the dainty in order to please him, while she thrust the white flower into the finest of the peaches and then offered the fruit to the Cardinal.

"As a gage of friendship," she smiled.

"And as such accepted," replied Ferdinando de Medici. "As a gage of the friendship of Bianca Capello." He held the peach carefully in his long fingers and added softly: "But, Madame, look to your husband!"

Bianca turned swiftly in her glowing seat; the music and the conversation had suddenly stopped, everyone was staring at the Grand Duke who had risen and was tearing at the collar of his coat while the most fearful spasm had convulsed his features.

"Treason! Help! A doctor!" shrieked Bianca, rising so violently that she overturned the flagons of wine, the dishes of grapes and peaches. "Antonio, call up the guards!"

But even as the boy leaped forward the Grand Duke had collapsed across the table, clutching at the lace cloth and dragging the gold plate and the crystal goblets to the ground in his agony.

"He is dying!" cried Antonio, pulling at the rigid body of Francesco. "He has been poisoned!"

Bianca tried to repeat this word, to point at the Cardinal, to order his arrest, but her strength left her, she sank on to the chair, slid to the ground and lay writhing at the Cardinal's feet.

Waving aside the frightened guests who rushed up, Ferdinando went on his knees beside the dying woman and, raising her head with every appearance of concerned tenderness, whispered in her ear:

"While you were preparing to doctor my dessert, my spy was visiting your kitchens. The Grand Duchess and your husband are avenged—and some others, too."

Bianca tried to speak, but no sound came from her stiffening lips; the Cardinal let her fall to the trampled grass and put his foot on the edges of her pearl-sewn robe; with a complete change of manner he turned to the terrified company.

"A sudden attack of the tertian fever has removed my brother—and Bianca Capello, the Venetian woman. Let him be taken up with all state and laid with the Medici. We will not have *her* among our dead."

Ferdinando, now Grand Duke of Tuscany, smiled down at the body of his brother that the trembling servants were removing, then stooped and into the dead man's pocket thrust the peach stuck with the white rose.

"What shall we do with her?" asked the shuddering doctor, kneeling by the beautiful woman strewn with her pearls and diamonds, her gold gauze and silver brocade.

The Cardinal turned to his personal attendants.

"Throw out the base born boy, the imposter Antonio—and as for her, the detestable Bianca, murderess and wanton, put her in the common vault at San Lorenzo. But first let her be shown to the people, in rags as she came to Florence—with cheap tallow candles to light her to hell."

He paused a second, glancing down the length of the dishevelled, brilliant table at the anxious, frightened faces of the men and women waiting to cringe to a new master, then down at that over-thrown pride and beauty, the dead Venetian in her splendour.

"Let all memory of her be rooted out of Florence, no more mention of her be made, her arms taken from all buildings, and that of the late Grand Duchess put in their place."

NEXT WEEK:
The Fishergirl Goes to Court

What it means to you — *By Francis Williams*

A Cheerful Budget?

EVERY month the Board of Trade publishes a bulky document with the unwieldy title, "Accounts Relating to the Trade and Navigation of the United Kingdom." Three-hundred or so pages of formidable small type, each monthly issue tells in detail the story of Britain's overseas trade. And though it is not exactly exciting reading, it is of first-class importance.

Most important of all, of course, is the return for the final month of the trading year; and it is this which makes it possible to estimate, long before Budget Day, just how the Chancellor's final figures will look.

Superficially, the returns are gloomy. For 1935 they show, for example, that Britain purchased from abroad during the year some £276 millions more than other countries purchased from us. But that is only what is known as "visible trade"—and only merchandise at that.

Sales and purchases of silver must also be included; and last year in silver we had an export balance of £15 millions. That brings our "adverse balance" down to £261 millions (a year ago, incidentally, it was £295 millions).

But, apart from these figures of "visible" trade, we in the United Kingdom derive a very considerable income from what is known as "invisible exports": from interest and dividends on investments in empire and foreign countries, from commissions earned by banks and insurance companies, from the income of British shipping concerns.

It is just this which makes it possible for us to buy from abroad much more than we actually sell in goods and merchandise.

Now, assuming that our income from these "invisible exports" was in 1935 only equal to 1934 (actually it should be considerably higher), we can expect to wipe out entirely the adverse trade balance and to have a favourable balance of £33 millions—in comparison with a debit balance of £1 million in 1934.

All this, in itself, is no conclusive guide to Budget Day prospects—for that the Treasury returns of Government spending and income as well as Government intentions regarding future policy and much else must be considered.

But an even moderately successful year's trading means that prospects of a cheerful budget are increased.

For advice on current economic problems write to the Economic Advisory Bureau, "The Passing Show," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope.

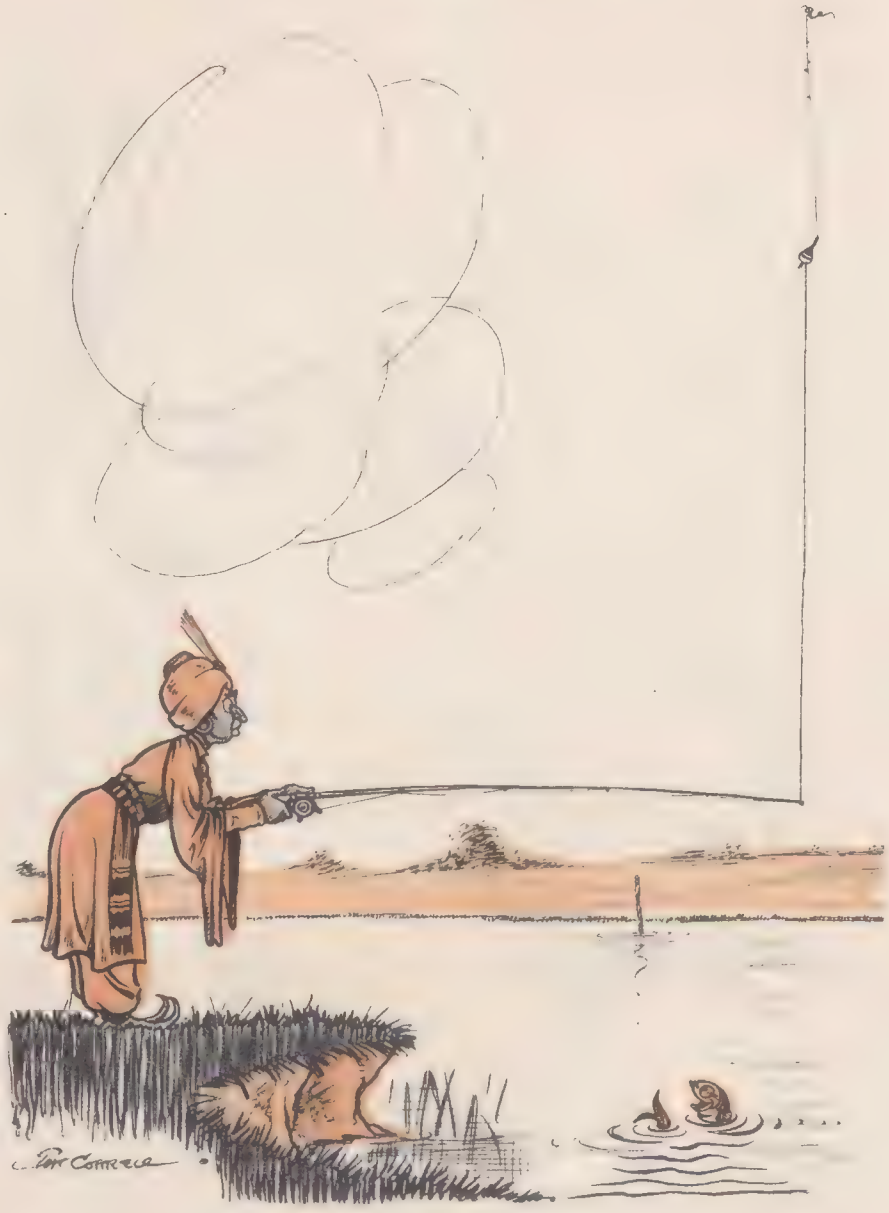
Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

"A north country team has won that cup-tie; look at the caps."

"There, George! We could have bought a tandem."

"Mr. Jones has gone out to lunch, sir!"



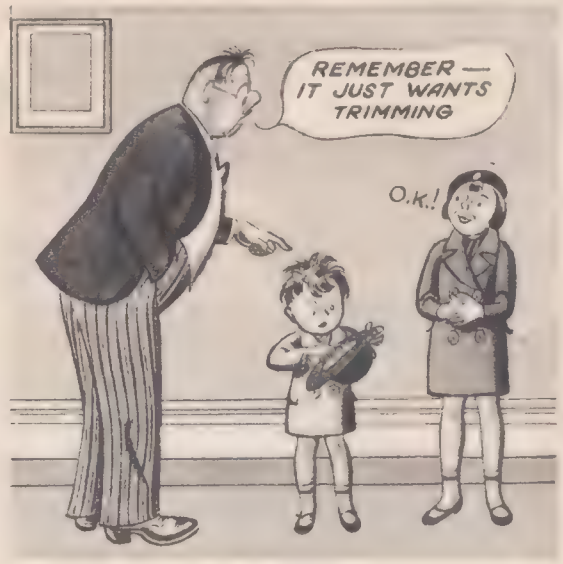
The Indian rope trick merchant goes fishing.

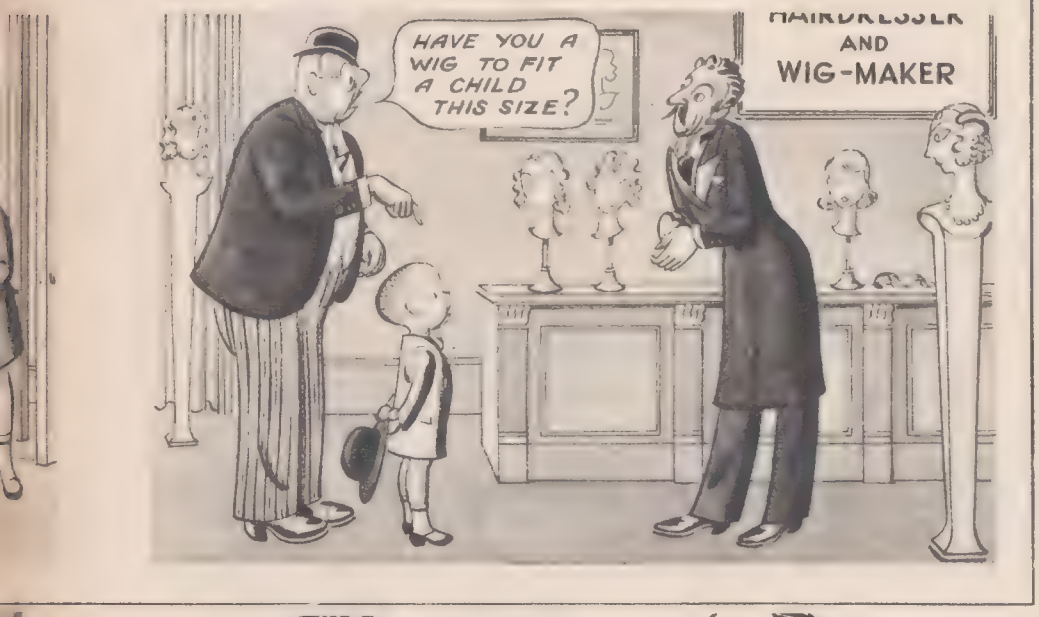
The ex-sergeant-major becomes a kennelman.

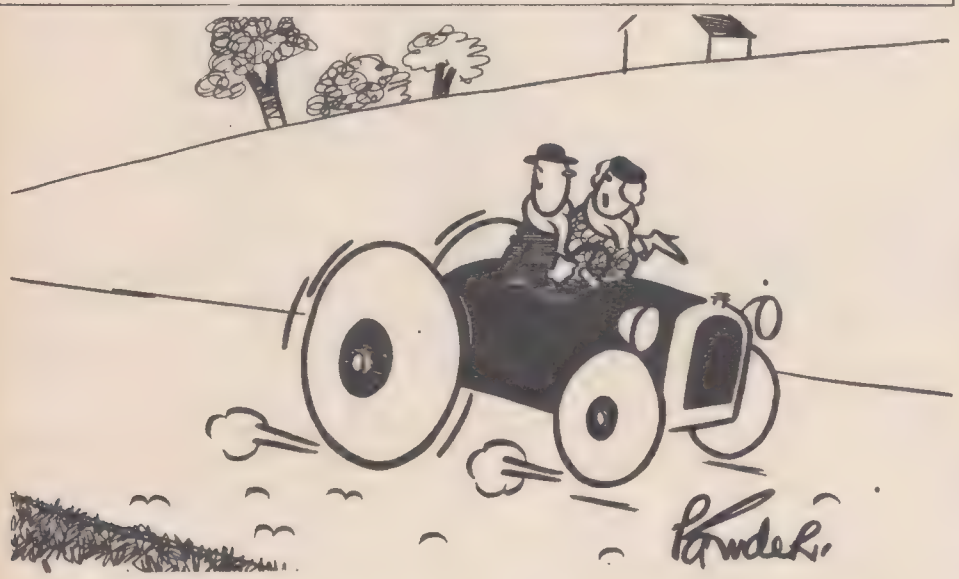
"Now try yer 'ardest not to biff a girder this time."

"Would you mind changing seats? I've decided to make it up with him."

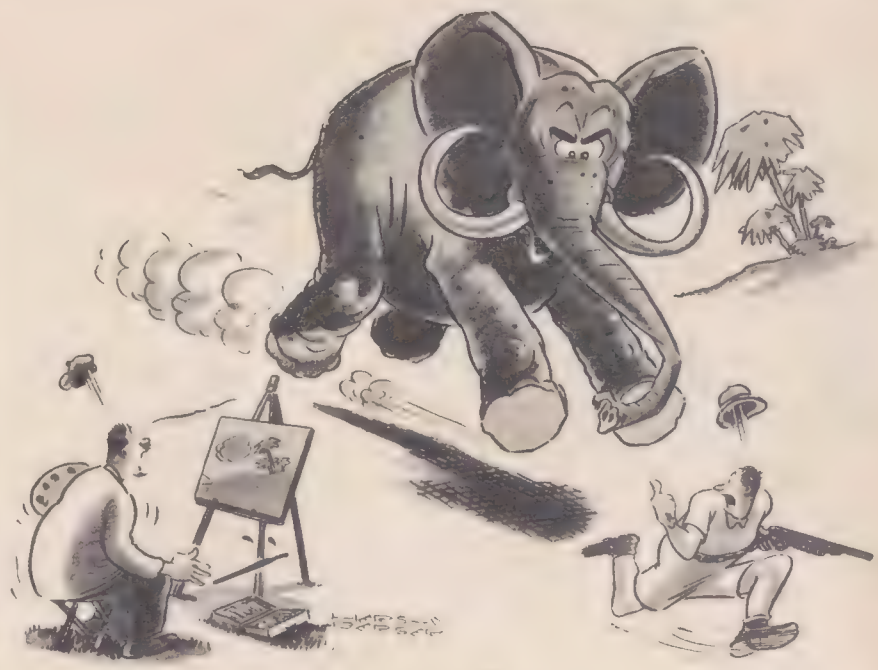
By A. C. BARRETT







"That was the sweetest lorry-driver I ever met."



"Quick! Paint a target on him."

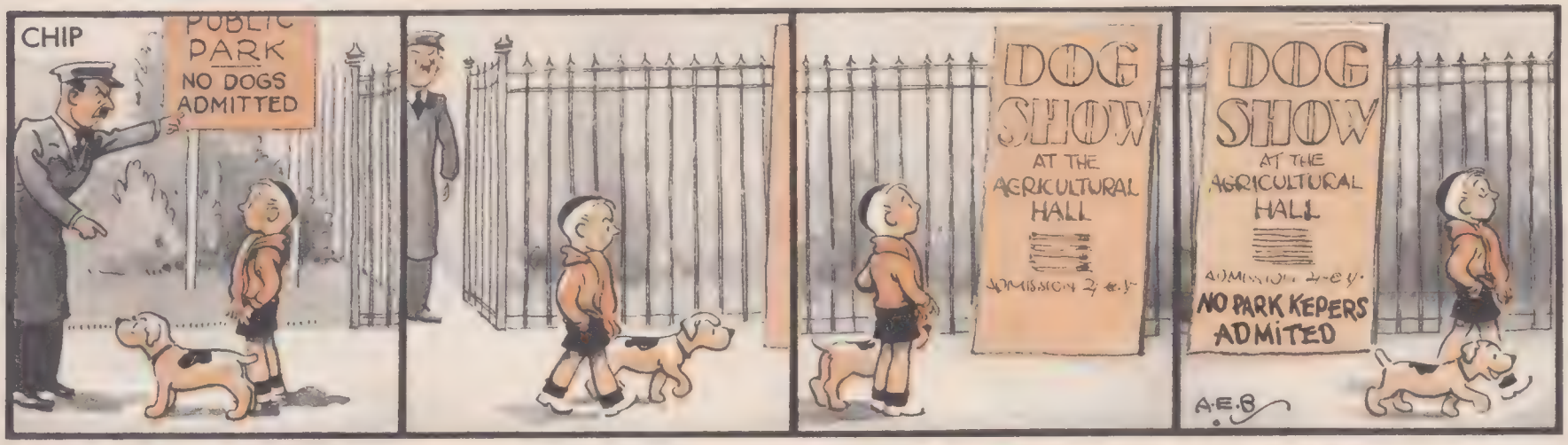
"It's no joke being married to a second-rate lion-tamer."

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

"Mummy, I found all these flags."
Nebelspatter, Zurich.

"Who has been drinking my whisky?"
"I have not. I could not open the bottle."
Das Illustrierte Blatt, Frankfurt.

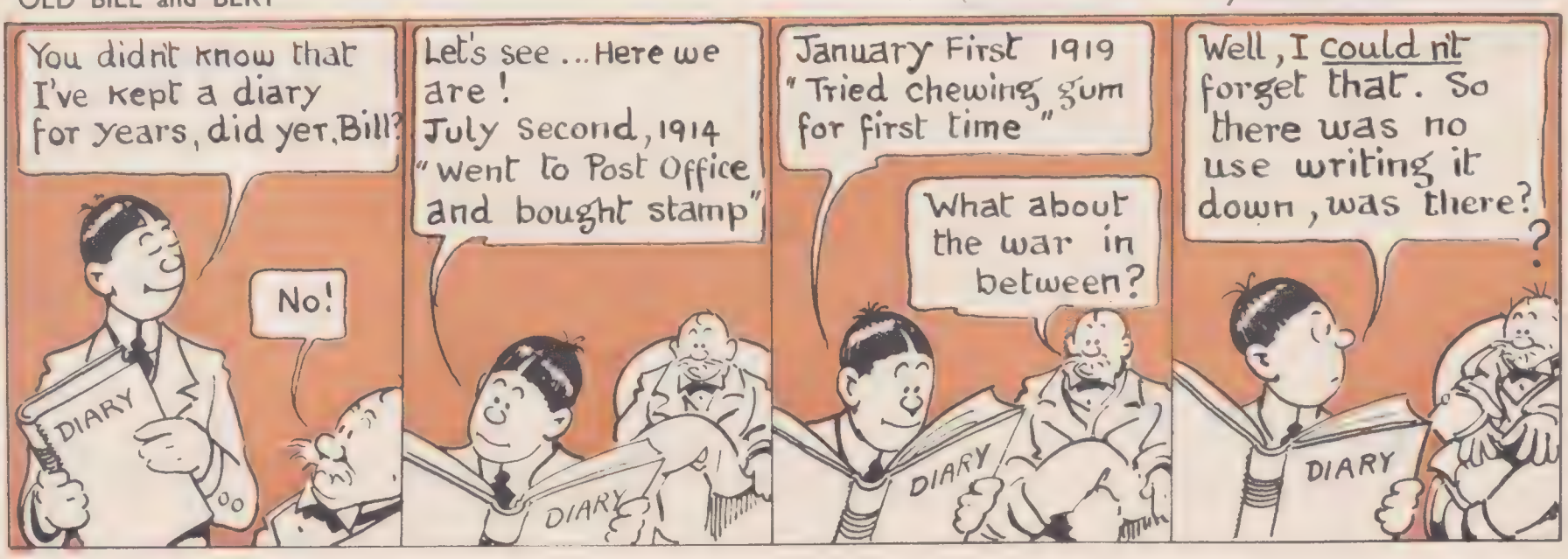
"Would you mind showing my little boy how to dance the hornpipe?"
Sydney Bulletin.



I've called for my boy friend Benjy B. Bright
He expects me without any doubt
Yes he expects you—you're perfectly right
He's gone out!

"He won't ride in his pram since he saw the Indian babies at the circus."

OLD BILL and BERT — By BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



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Rheumatism

like pincers—until a friend advised Kruschen Salts

Rheumatism had got this man on the rack. He suffered pain in his muscles like pincers. In his search for relief, he took the extreme course of having all his teeth extracted, but the uric acid fiend would not relax its grip. His was an obstinate case—but not so obstinate that it refused to yield to the six salts in Kruschen. Read his letter :—

'In my occupation, I am exposed to all weathers and also cycle about ten to twelve miles a day. At one time I could hardly lift my arms above shoulder high, without pain in my muscles like pincers, also my legs were the same after a slight ride on my bicycle. I became very depressed. It was after I had tried everything, even to the length of having all my teeth extracted, that a friend advised me to try Kruschen Salts. I soon began to lose all my aches and pains, and to-day keep myself fit during all weathers and all hours by my regular daily dose of Kruschen Salts.'—D. G. T., Birmingham.

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So your throat will not complain

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2½d. per ounce loose.

There on the ice lay the young constable, his service revolver still clutched in his hand.

The SIN of Sergeant Staines

THE fire was a crimson heap. The black night hung about it with a vast, eerie silence. Green, the constable, had fried bacon. He pushed a plate towards Chanuk. Then, swerving, his gaze rested on Sergeant Staines.

He was standing by the fire, and the light of it struck across his face. The constable watched it rather curiously. It was a long, thin face, with prominent cheek-bones. The eyes above the cheeks were glassy, colourless. The mouth was narrow, hard as a steel trap. There was neither emotion nor sentiment in that face. It stared out relentlessly into the blackness.

"What about unlocking the handcuffs?" the constable asked.

Glassy eyes switched suddenly towards the prisoner. Chanuk, the Eskimo, squatted there, a blurred shape against the gloom. His round, smooth face shone against the firelight. The small, black eyes looked longingly into the darkness which lay between them and Blue Fire Inlet. Green saw that look of child-like yearning and his heart was touched by it. Unlike Sergeant Staines, the constable had a soft spot in his heart.

He said again : "What about unlocking the handcuffs?"

"I heard you the first time," said Sergeant Staines. "Yes, unlock them by all means." He looked at Chanuk. "A bit difficult," he said, "for a man to eat fried bacon with his wrists locked."

Green unlocked the handcuffs.

"One is pleased," said Chanuk. "But One would be still more pleased if One could go to One's wife."

"Still on about his wife," Green commented.

The sergeant sat down and began to eat. Constable Green, a mug of steaming coffee in his hand, watched the sergeant still in that rather curious fashion. There was something about Sergeant Staines which scared him a little. Of course, in such circumstances, no man could be expected to be quite himself. All the same—well, there seemed to Green to be something almost unhuman in the way Sergeant Staines looked and spoke and acted.

Maybe it was that son of his that worried him so much. All hope was gone now, of course—unless a miracle were to happen, and Green had little faith in miracles.

He finished his coffee and began to rinse out the mug with melted ice. Sergeant Staines sat looking through the flames at Chanuk. The Eskimo didn't return that stare. He looked only into the darkness, in that yearning manner, towards Blue Fire Inlet.

Once, a little furtively, he looked round at the two policemen, as if calculating what chances he might have of escape. Green saw the look. So did Sergeant Staines. A smile of bitter amusement touched his lips, but he didn't speak.

Green looked at the Eskimo. Chanuk didn't look like a murderer. Yet he was one. Queer chap. He didn't seem sullen, angry; merely extraordinarily sad. That was natural, too. Back there, at Blue Fire Inlet, where there were a few small ice-houses, his wife lay dying.

Chanuk, like most Eskimos, had several wives, but this one, Nanook, seemed to be the most favoured of them all. Chanuk appeared to be genuinely attached to her. Often his small black eyes had been filled with tears and he had sobbed noisily. To Green, when he sobbed like that, a sense almost of shame had come. But his grief had left Sergeant Staines untouched.

Indeed, once or twice, when Chanuk had given way to his boisterous grief, there had come into the sergeant's face an expression which puzzled Constable Green. He couldn't quite decide what it was. It might have been—*pleasure*.

The idea sickened Green. He was a fair-minded man; and he was just arriving at the conclusion that there was very little fairness about Sergeant Staines.

Chanuk's story was not a very interesting one. Chanuk was head man of the remnants of a tribe still precariously existing at Blue Fire Inlet. Several months previously a small party from another tribe had paid Chanuk a visit. According to Eskimo custom, in order to show friendliness and appreciation, Chanuk had *lent* his wives to the visiting chief, and the latter, for some reason or another, had neglected to return one of them.

Naturally, Chanuk had seen red. He had pursued the strangers with a dozen men. There had been a massacre. News of it had reached the far-flung police post at Big Beaver. Sergeant Staines was in charge of the post; and only two weeks previously his son, Charlie, had arrived there, a new-fledged member of the Brontvik Patrol.

A man had to be sent to bring in Chanuk. Sergeant Staines had chosen his son for the job. Green, not liking the idea from the first, had been compelled to keep his mouth shut. The young policeman seemed a decent, plucky, eager fellow, but he lacked experience in such a venture.

Green had suggested that the sergeant send *two* men—himself and the sergeant's son. But Staines had refused to entertain the idea. No doubt he imagined it would be a feather in Charlie's cap to bring in an Eskimo murderer alone.

Full of eagerness, the young policeman had set off on his difficult and dangerous mission. And he hadn't come back. Two weeks later Sergeant Staines and Constable Green had started for Blue Fire Inlet. On the way, they got tidings of Chanuk and the missing constable.

Apparently Chanuk had been warned of the young policeman's coming. He had left the village and taken to the wilds of ice and snow. And there Constable Staines had gone to hunt him down.

Chanuk, completely at home in such places, had played a complicated game of hide-and-seek with young Staines. He had led him this way and that, until, rumour had it, the young constable had been utterly lost. For days, maybe, he had wandered across those icy wastes, blindly. No one, apparently, had set eyes on him, although they had questioned all the lonely hunters and fishers north of Blue Fire Inlet. All they could learn was about the merry dance which Chanuk had led his inexperienced young pursuer, luring him ever deeper and deeper into the blindness of those terrible wastes, with a lingering death as the inevitable reward.

Sergeant Staines and Green had scoured the place thoroughly, yet hopelessly. There was no sign or trace of the young officer. But they found Chanuk, twenty miles north of the Inlet.

He could tell them very little. The young constable had stuck doggedly to Chanuk's trail; and Chanuk, eventually, had led him round in *circles*, without rousing the young man's suspicions in the least. Then, one morning, the snowy wastes were empty when Chanuk had looked back. Constable Staines had gone, no one knew where.

That was Chanuk's story; and anyone could tell that it was true. To be quite just, Chanuk had seemed genuinely worried about the young policeman, against whom he entertained no animosity whatsoever. Also, at that time, Chanuk was an extremely unhappy man. Back at the village, only a few miles away, Nanook, his wife, was dying. Green, sitting there by the fire, remembered how he had gone down on his knees in the snow, pleading tearfully with Sergeant Staines to allow

A Complete Short Story

by STEPHEN PHILLIPS

Illustrated by W. R. E. Stott.

him to go back, if only for a few minutes, to see Nanook before she took the last long journey of all.

And Sergeant Staines' reply to that request had been a slow, strange, bitter smile.

Chanuk had not been permitted to go back to the village. In fact, to Green's disgust, Sergeant Staines had deliberately made a detour in order that they shouldn't touch the fringe of the place at all. And, ever since, Green had observed a sort of sadistic evil about Sergeant Staines' expression.

"Shall I lock his wrists again?" Green asked, rather nervously, because Sergeant Staines was getting on his nerves a bit.

The sergeant turned his head. His eyes, coming away from that bitter, fixed stare into the blackness, rested on Chanuk, as he sat huddled hopelessly by the fire.

"No," he said, slowly. "Leave his wrists unlocked to-night."

Green sat back again. What the devil was Sergeant Staines doing now? Why was he leaving Chanuk's wrists unlocked? Was he trying to provide Chanuk with a means of—escape?

No. That was incredible, of course. But——

"You've got it in pretty bad for that poor devil, haven't you?" said Green, speaking with an effort, almost.

"Not at all," said Sergeant Staines, with that bitter, mirthless smile. "Put the handcuffs away, Green, and let's get some sleep."

"*You* can't sleep," Green flashed.

The sergeant was knocking the dead ashes from his pipe.

"Why not?" he asked, in mild surprise.

"With your son lying frozen stiff out there," Green almost shouted. "And you talk of *sleep*. Man, be human."

The stem of the pipe snapped suddenly between Sergeant Staines' fingers. His face got grey in the light of the fire. He looked like a ghost sitting there, staring with those glassy eyes of his.

"After all," said Green, in a more ordinary voice, "you can't, in fairness, blame Chanuk for what happened."

"Who said I *did* blame him?"

"You don't have to say it. I *know* you do. It's in your face."

Sergeant Staines threw his broken pipe into the flames.

"Merely," he said, "because I won't allow Chanuk to go back and see his wife?"

Green sat forward, his square jaw jutting pugnaciously.

"Wouldn't you have given permission," he demanded, "in different circumstances?"

"No," said Sergeant Staines, in a dry, flat voice, "I wouldn't."

"You're lying," said Green.

The sergeant lifted that grey, bitter face.

"I could have you put on the carpet for that remark, Green."

"Maybe you could." Green's eyes didn't waver. "I wasn't always a—constable."

"I know. How long have you been in the force now, Green?"

"Longer than I care to remember, sometimes."

"You had three stripes on your arm once, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did."

"And you lost them?"

"That's so," said Green.

"Because you allowed a prisoner to escape, Green?"

"Well, yes; but——"

"He pitched you some cock-and-bull story. Traded on your good feelings. Promised you to come back and take his medicine, eh? But he didn't come back. Never had any intention of it. And so you lost your stripes, Green."

There was a silence, after that. Green said, presently: "It's true, sergeant. But I'm not suggesting that you let Chanuk go, alone. It would have been a simple matter for us to have been with him all the time."

"You're a sentimentalist, Green. Sentiment's poison to a policeman."

Green threw away the stub of his cigarette.

"Dashed bad luck," he said, "about your son. You were fond of him, I know."

"Yes," said Sergeant Staines, in that dry, inhuman tone, "I was."

"Yet you can't blame Chanuk. You *might* blame yourself."

"For sending him alone, you mean?"

"Exactly."

Sergeant Staines looked into the silent blackness an instant. Then his gaze switched past Constable Green and stopped on the shadowy blur that was Chanuk.

The Eskimo huddled there by the flames. Always, in that wildly yearning way, his eyes looked back through the blackness towards Blue Fire Inlet, where his wife was dying. There was sheer mental torture in the way he stared into the blackness.

"Poor devil," thought Green. "I guess he's going through hell." And then he turned and caught a glimpse of Sergeant Staines' face, reflected against the flames—a smile of strange, bitter pleasure in it.

Green fell asleep, leaving Sergeant Staines to watch the prisoner. Two hours later Constable Green felt a touch on the shoulder. He sat up, rubbing his eyes. Above him, thin and sinister in the gloom, was the face of Sergeant Staines.

"*Chanuk's escaped*," he said.

Possibly the thing which surprised Constable Green most of all was the leisureliness of Sergeant Staines. He seemed in no particular hurry. Indeed, his manner seemed to suggest that any time might do.

"He can't get far," he said, "with that injured foot of his. And, besides, we know the direction he's bound to take."

"Blue Fire Inlet?"

"Naturally."

"Well, let's make a start now, shall we?"

"Sure," the sergeant nodded. "Got a cigarette? Wish I hadn't broken my pipe."

He lit up and they began to tramp across the packed snow, Sergeant Staines puffing at his cigarette almost enjoyably. Indeed, as they went along together, it began to dawn upon Constable Green that seldom had he observed Sergeant Staines to be in such a pleasing state of mind. He chatted almost light-heartedly with the constable, never mentioning Chanuk or his son. The sky was heavy, like a blanket hung out to dry in a thick fog. The packed snow stretched away in front of them, level, empty, spaceless. Sometimes, in softer snow, they came upon Chanuk's footprints.

"Running, poor devil," thought Green

(*Continued overleaf*)

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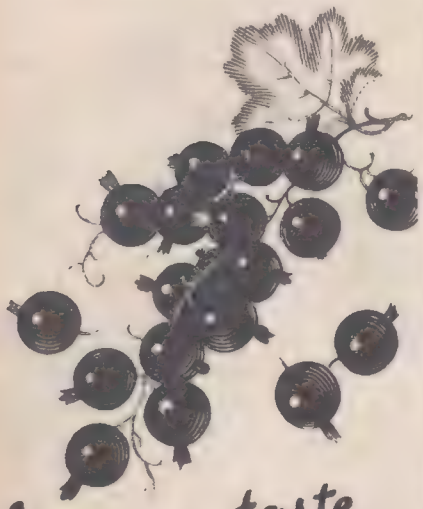

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Gar. 4 PR.

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It goes to the ROOT of your COUGH

Continuing

The SIN *of* Sergeant Staines

commiseratingly, with the thought of Chanuk's dying wife ever in his mind. Then, stealing a curious glance at the sergeant's face, he asked: "How did he manage to get away?"

"I must have dozed," said Sergeant Staines.

Such an admission, coming from the lips of a man like Sergeant Staines, struck the constable as being very odd, to say the least. However, he offered no comment.

They stopped to rest in a hollow, where the tight ice slanted away towards the sky. The sergeant, having begged another cigarette, sat smoking contentedly, while Constable Green, upon whom the instinctive fervour of a man-hunt was taking an ever stronger hold, kicked his heels in impatience to be off.

Bleak and desolate the place appeared, the uncanny glitter of the ice almost blinding them at times. Constable Green stared round; he stood an instant, seemed to be *listening* to the vastness of that silence. The landscape had become flat, lifeless.

"Easy enough for a man to get lost, I reckon," the constable commented, thinking of Sergeant Staines' son.

The Sergeant stared round at those bleak wastes; his face was expressionless.

"Very easy," he agreed. "But the Staines die hard. Always did. And I guess Charlie was no exception to the general rule."

They moved on across the packed snow.

"Not a bad sort for an Eskimo, Chanuk," Green observed, after a time.

"He murdered a man," said Sergeant Staines.

"Well, what do you expect? What would *you* do, if somebody went and pinched *your* wife?"

"I'm not a judge and jury."

A few hours later Constable Green paused and pointed excitedly through the glitter.

"There he is," he cried.

Sergeant Staines looked without emotion.

"Yes," he agreed, "there he is."

Chanuk was sliding and stumbling frantically across the snow. which in that part was as smooth and slippery as glass. On a ragged ledge, over which the Eskimo must have climbed in his mad haste, they noticed blood.

"Must have torn his leg, I guess," said Green; and felt a wave of compassion sweep over him. "Poor devil. He's heading straight for the village. I guess he's really fond of that wife of his."

"I guess he is," said Sergeant Staines, and stood motionless, watching the Eskimo's headlong flight with strangely detached interest.

Green would have burst into a run, but Sergeant Staines pulled him back, none too gently. Those glassy eyes seemed to bore into the constable's brain.

"Didn't I tell you there was plenty of time?" said Sergeant Staines.

Green flared up at that, defiantly.

"I don't get you," he said. "What's the idea? We can catch him easily within the next few miles."

"We shall catch him," said the sergeant, "all in good time. I give the orders just now, Green."

He began to move on, leisurely. Constable Green, staring, angry, puzzled, fuming, walked along impatiently a few yards ahead. And now it began to become evident to Constable Green that there was something relentless in the way Sergeant Staines was trailing the Eskimo, Chanuk. Something relentless, something which was being diabolically planned and executed.

"Over there," said Green suddenly, "lies the village."

Sergeant Staines looked.

"How far, do you think?"

"About eight or nine miles, I should say."

"Come along," said Sergeant Staines, and his pace grew oddly swifter.

Twice, as they approached, Chanuk fell, sprawling in a heap, but he always picked himself up again and staggered on like a demented animal, with Sergeant Staines following relentlessly on his heels now.

"Shall I send a shot over his head?" the constable suggested. "Just to give him warning?"

"Not yet," said Sergeant Staines, with that grey, bitter smile twisting his lips.

Green put back his gun. Suddenly, across a flat stretch of ice, they saw several thin wisps of smoke against the sky.

"The village," said Green.

At the same instant Chanuk broke into an exhausted, shambling run.

"Come on," said Sergeant Staines, and his fingers bit into the constable's arm like steel hooks. "Come on, now, and get him."

He broke into a run, his face twisted, his glassy eyes staring almost eagerly. Green ran beside him. Chanuk stumbled and fell. He knew the Law was right at his heels. His small eyes stared despairingly towards the village, now less than a mile distant. He began to scrape and claw his way towards it, almost on hands and knees, moaning and muttering to himself as he crawled.

With a rush, the two policemen came up with him. Chanuk rose, swaying, one of his legs matted with frozen blood. Wildly his small black eyes stared at them.

"Put the handcuffs on him," said Sergeant Staines, in a dry, brittle voice.

Chanuk dropped on his knees in the snow. Imploringly he stared up into Sergeant Staines' face.

"One would see One's wife before One goes south," he pleaded.

The sergeant's glassy gaze rested on him.

"Put the handcuffs on him," he repeated.

The constable dragged them unwillingly from his pocket. He began to move towards the kneeling Eskimo.

Chanuk's arms went about the sergeant's knees.

"One's wife is dying," he said. "You will take One to the village, so that One may make her journey peaceful?"

"Here, give me those handcuffs," said Sergeant Staines, and snatched them from Green.

The steel bands clicked on the Eskimo's wrists. Sergeant Staines jerked him to his feet.

"Come along, Chanuk, we're taking you back to the police post right now."

"Then One is not to be permitted to see One's wife?"

"We're taking you back, Chanuk."

They went back a little way, to the brow of a small snow-hill.

"We'll camp here for the night," said Sergeant Staines.

Green got a fire going. Chanuk crouched on the snow, his face buried from sight. Sometimes he sobbed noisily.

"What made you decide to pitch camp on this hill?" Green demanded, suddenly.

Sergeant Staines looked at him across the fire.

"What's wrong with it? Don't you like hills?"

"Two miles down there," said Green, "is the village. And Chanuk's wife is dying and he wants to see her before she goes."

"More sentiment, Green."

The constable's eyes were strangely steady; there was knowledge in them now.

"What's wrong," he asked, "with me taking Chanuk to the village for a little while, to see his wife?"

"You're burning the bacon," said Sergeant Staines.

Green straightened himself, pan in hand.

"Burning hell," he said, huskily. "Now I see it. You weren't dozing when Chanuk escaped. That was just pretence. You *wanted* him to escape."

"Are you quite cracked?" said Sergeant Staines.

There was sudden loathing in the way in which Green stared back at him.

"I get it," he said. "That's why you refused to hurry, eh? You wanted the poor devil to get to his village almost before we took him again? What do you call that? A kind of refined torture? Or what? Why, the Spanish Inquisition was clean compared with it. Yes, I see it all right now. You blame Chanuk for what happened to your son. You're just taking it out of the poor devil in the only way you know how. For instance, by letting him get within a biscuit's throw of his wife before taking him again. *Torture*, that's what your game is——"

"Pick up that frying-pan," said Sergeant Staines, in a savage tone, "and get on with your cooking."

"I'll see you damned first," shouted Green, and flung the pan across the snow.

"All right," said Sergeant Staines. "I guess I'll have to make out a report when we get back, Green."

"As many as you like," the constable flared. "Why, I'd not treat a dog the way you're treating this poor devil of an Eskimo. After all, he's a human being. Can't you realise that?"

"I realise one thing—that you're getting much too big for your boots."

"And then," said Green, ignoring the remark, "choosing this hill for the night. You can see the trail leading into the village from here. You had that all figured out, I guess. If it isn't deliberate torture, I'd like to know what is."

He turned, walked a few paces into the darkness.

"Where do you think you're going?" asked Sergeant Staines.

Green stared back at him defiantly.

"I'm going down to the village. If you won't let Chanuk see his wife, I can at least bring back news of her for him."

"Don't you think you're rather exceeding your duty?"

"Maybe I am. But even a policeman's human. Most of 'em, anyhow."

He turned and vanished in the darkness. Sergeant Staines sat there, his face sardonic against the firelight. He had been sitting there quite a time when, suddenly, he looked up and saw Constable Green. His face was pallid; his jaw hung slack.

"What's wrong now?" said Sergeant Staines. "Seen a ghost?"

"Get up," said Green, in a low voice, "and come with me. And for God's sake, man, prepare yourself."

Staring, Sergeant Staines got up. He beckoned the Eskimo to follow. They went towards the village. Suddenly, with a sharply drawn breath, Green paused. Before them was a ridge of tightly packed ice, which glittered like pale blue glass.

"Just beyond that ridge," said the constable, huskily, "you'll find your son."

Sergeant Staines stood like a stone statue. No expression flickered in his face, although his breathing sounded rather loudly in the stillness.

He walked steadily to the ice-ridge and looked over. There, in the tightly packed snow, lay the young constable, flat on his back, his service revolver still clutched in his hand. The story was an easy one to read—the young policeman, wandering in circles, not realising that he was within a stone's throw of the Eskimo village. Then hunger, perhaps snow-blindness, and the last desperate act of a brave man who has reached the limits of human endurance.

He had put an end to it with his own revolver.

"You could have saved him," said Green, "but you didn't."

"What do you mean?" asked Sergeant Staines.

Green held up a small note-book.

"He wrote a few things before the end. He even gives the time and date of the message. The twenty-eighth. 7.30 a.m. Do you know where we were at 7.30 that day? We were just completing the detour you insisted on making round the village. Don't you see? If you'd allowed Chanuk to see his wife, then we should have left the village by this trail, instead of skirting it across the ice."

Sergeant Staines stood motionless, his arms straight at his sides, his heels together.

"You were bent on torturing this poor Eskimo," said Green in a whisper, "when, by showing a little mercy, we might have been in time to save your son."

Slowly, as he stood there, Sergeant Staines allowed his head to drop, until his chin rested on his chest.

Green touched him on the arm—a touch of brotherly compassion.

"Even now," he breathed, "it may not be too late. Shall I take the handcuffs off him and take him down to the village for a few minutes?"

Sergeant Staines lifted his face, grey and tortured.

"Unlock him," he said.

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AN OPEN LETTER TO THE MAN WHO IS CONVINCED THAT

PELMANISM

WILL BE OF GREAT SERVICE TO HIM BUT WHO HAS DONE NOTHING ABOUT IT—YET

PELMAN HOUSE,
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From the Founder of the Pelman Institute.

Dear Sir,

I'm not astonished that the case for Pelmanism absolutely convinced you. It is overwhelming. Where can you find anything like it? As a scientific system of mental training, the aim of which is success and happiness, it is unapproached and unapproachable. You believe that. . . . Yet you are holding back. . . . Why?

Think again! You have the chance of greatly improving your abilities and personality, also your powers of self-expression, thus developing self-confidence and social popularity. . . . You have the opportunity of acquiring speed in thinking, of abolishing shyness and self-consciousness, of increasing will-power, and evolving a well-trained mind—yet you fail to act. . . . Again, why? . . .

You desire to overcome depression, also to conquer indecision, and insecurity; and we have offered you authoritative testimonies from students who say, "Pelmanism has given me a new life of joy and prosperity." You needed some guarantee from men and women of light and leading that the Course was really good, and these we provided in number and unequalled excellence. Without a doubt you were deeply impressed and fully convinced, but there is a restraining element in your consciousness. . . . What is it?

It may be procrastination. "Some other day," says the voice within; or, "Wait until next month"; or, "A more convenient season is coming." There's only one way of dealing with old man Procrastination: take him by the neck and by the seat of the trousers and throw him out! His smooth tongue has already cost you a lot of money, and lost you a nice batch of opportunities. Don't let him spoil your chances of Pelmanism!

Perhaps a peculiar *doubt* is repressing you: e.g. "I wonder whether the Pelman Course can deal with *my* needs?" I am sure it can. And you have only to fill in our Confidential Questionnaire to prove that fact for yourself. Without fee, the Consulting Psychologist will send you a private report on your good points and weak points. He will also show you how Pelmanism can give you a fuller and more successful life. Isn't that worth while?

Do you belong to the crowd of people who doubt their abilities, and who in consequence are losing chances every day? I used to think that the majority of men and women had a good opinion of themselves. I was wrong. Fifty per cent of our correspondents, many of them highly intelligent, have practically no self-confidence at all. They're favourite phrase is, "What's the use?" or "What's the good of it?" . . . But at the end of the Course they say, "Pelmanism has reorganised my whole life." And it's *true*! We have *thousands* of such testimonies.

That old saying about the value of *trying* needs only one additional word to make it modern :—

"You never know what you can do until you try—Pelmanism."

Samuel Butler, author of *Erewhon*, lived to be 57 before he discovered his ability to compose music. The discovery came by chance. Your own self-discoveries need not be left to chance. Pelmanism will bring out your hidden abilities as well as develop those of which you are conscious. Knowing this, why do you hold back?

It cannot be the fee, for that is moderate enough in view of the variety and extent of the present services rendered. Your mental needs are supplied by a competent examiner who applies Pelman principles to your individual requirements. This is equivalent to private tuition. Besides, if two or three applicants enrol together they can claim an appreciable reduction. Remember, finally, that an increase in mental power is cheap at any price.

The object of this letter is to *rouse* you to action. Will it succeed? I hope so. Helvetius tells us that Sir Isaac Newton did not *see* the apple fall: *it fell on his head*. In that sense the law of gravitation was not a discovery. It was a *concussion*. I would fain hope that there is enough concussive jolt in this communication to make you realise the immense importance of Pelmanism to your happiness and success.

And I would ask every reader of these lines to send for a free copy of "THE SCIENCE OF SUCCESS," and to read in its pages the tributes paid to Pelmanism by famous men and women who speak of this Course of training from personal experience of the benefits they have received. Act NOW.

Sincerely,
W. J. ENNEVER.

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Out-of-the-Rut CAREERS

THIRTY years ago anyone who voiced the opinion that one day women would tackle men's jobs and do them well, would have been considered either mad or a fool. The few women at that time who defied convention were classed as brazen hussies seeking notoriety. There was no law against women doing men's work, but custom and tradition are infinitely harder to defy than any law, and women's right to earn a living was opposed by an almost inflexible barrier of prejudice.

One still respects the moral courage of the early pioneers; Mrs. Knickerbocker, for instance, who rode through the suburbs of New York in the 'nineties on a velocipede in the undignified costume which bears her name. It was the desperate courage of a human being hedged in on all sides by convention.

Slowly and grudgingly men have been forced to admit women's right to earn their living in competition with men, but even to-day a woman has to show her worth before she is given the smallest chance in business.

Few young women have struggled harder than Miss B. J. Caney, the architect, and the first woman to be admitted to the Royal Academy's famous Art School for more than 100 years. For months she sat at her board till two or three each morning, and after a few hours' rest would catch a workmen's train to the City.

Although extremely capable, her applications for work were rejected with monotonous regularity for over a year. Ultimately she decided to adopt a man's handwriting and sign herself merely "B. J. Caney," omitting the "Miss." This ruse was successful almost at once, for after a few applications she received a letter asking her to call for an interview.

When she arrived at the office, her prospective employer was so surprised that for a moment he was speechless. He then hurriedly said that there had been some misunderstanding, and that he never employed women.

At which Miss Caney flared up, and, before he could recover, whipped out her drawings and placed them before him. She knew that if he glanced at them, the job would be hers. He had no alternative, but, after scanning them, fired a battery of questions at her and ended by saying, "Is there anything you don't know, young lady?"

One reason why employers dislike engaging women is that they usually leave after marriage. An employer learns to rely upon people in key positions, and their sudden departure is likely to dislocate an entire department. But those women who have made a success of their jobs usually continue, though married. The secret of their continued success is the way in which they combine business with running a home.

Miss Theo Smythe is another woman who has mastered a masculine job—that of building, decorating and plumbing.

Just such a case is that of Lady Heath, the flying pioneer and first woman to gain her "B" certificate. Her interest in flying was fostered when she was Miss Elliott-Lynn.

For hours, even on the coldest days, she hung about Stag Lane aerodrome, picking up scraps of knowledge from experienced hands, working at lathes, and tuning engines like an ordinary mechanic. In the end she proved her worth and is now honoured wherever flying men congregate.

There are women who make good in the oddest professions. They have competed with men as blacksmiths, chimney sweeps, and coalheavers, and a Mrs. Dunn saw no reason why she should not hold her own at quarrying. So, after taking a course of study and satisfying her examiners, she became a Member of the Institute of Quarrying. Then, with no business training and barely enough to live upon, she set up in her profession.

At first she employed three men, each with pick, shovel, and barrow. She was her own advertising manager and salesman, and managed to keep afloat during the worst period of the slump. To-day she controls a staff of fifty and owns a fleet of motor-lorries as well as a light railway! No one can accuse her of not staying the course.

The secret of success, they say, is knowing what you want and going all out

Above, left: Miss Eva Spencer, who can handle real balloons and parachutes, too. Above: If all sweeps were like this one, chimneys would be swept more often.

WOMEN at WORK

by *H. Harvey Day*

for it. Whatever the truth of this formula, Miss Phoebe Linway pinned her faith in it, though heaven knows she had enough to discourage her.

Born in the East End, she left school at fourteen—determined to succeed. Calling at a West End store, she refused to leave until the manager interviewed her. It was late in the evening when she was summoned into the office, but he was impressed by her tenacity and offered her a job at a few shillings a week. Here she learnt how to dress, and realised for the first time that she possessed a distinct flair for clothes. So she decided to capitilise it.

In her opinion it is better to slave for a few years and then retire with a small fortune, than work leisurely all one's life for a pittance. She made clothes her study, read everything she could about them, studied well-dressed women, and constantly looked for new ideas. Soon the firm realised that she was a girl in a million, and her progress was so rapid that they sent her to the United States in search of ideas.

Every penny she could spare was invested on the advice of experts, and now Miss Linway is in the happy position of being able to retire at the age of 29. She means to spend the rest of her life in travel and the study of costumes and clothes.

Then there is Mrs. Clare Griggs, head of the Ideal Benefit Society, of Birmingham, earning £5,000 a year and controlling 500 workers and £3,000,000 of invested money. At the same time she runs a big house and makes her children's clothes. They say she works fifteen hours a day.

The Benefit Society was started by her father. Clare was unable to attend school because of ill-health, so it was thought that a little arithmetic in the office would

SERVICE for women readers by experts on all practical subjects—write to The Advice Service, "The Passing Show," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

suit her. She began at the age of fifteen and, as her father made new interests, more of the work fell on her shoulders. She not only wrote his speeches, but travelled from town to town after office hours, encouraging agents, paving the way for new branches and developing schemes.

In the end she took all the work off her father's shoulders, but when he died not many of the officials knew about her. They had to be convinced of her real worth before she was appointed General Secretary. This able woman is also a director of five other large companies.

Fortunately, those who are not business-like or the possessors of rare beauty can also make their mark by exercising other talents. A gramophone firm in London has in its employ a girl with an extraordinary memory—Miss Harrison. She knows the titles, numbers, and names of 5,000 records, together with the names of recording artists!

She took her chance one day when her employer was humming a tune and trying hard to think what it was called. She not only told him what it was, but the records on which it could be bought and their numbers. He was impressed, and now she is an important saleswoman.

One day an exile from the Far East walked into her shop and whistled a few stray bars at her. "Heard that in Saigon," he said, "but could never remember what it was. Can you help me?"

He was staggered when she answered instantly, "Yes, sir. Which version would you prefer? Oscar Denes in the original, H.M.V. number B3946, out last Thursday; Jack Hylton's Band playing the waltz, H.M.V. B6054, out a fortnight ago; the Mayfair Orchestra playing a selection, H.M.V. C2261; or a piano duet by Sid Bright and Donald Thorne, Columbia DB638?"

One hardly expects a girl behind a counter to give such a precise reply. But she is no ordinary person and must have obtained thousands of sales which, but for her amazing memory, would have been lost to the firm. Needless to say, she is paid a salary which would make most shop girls gibber with envy. Almost all her customers test her memory after the first shock, but never once has she been tripped.

There are brilliant women in every profession. Miss Eva Spencer, daughter of Percival Spencer, the famous balloonist, carried on when her father died in 1927, leaving his son and daughter his business of parachute and balloon making—but very little money. Miss Spencer made her first balloon trip at the age of twelve months and her first parachute drop at fifteen years!

In the past few years these young people have made their business into a prosperous concern and have a number of government contracts in hand for parachutes. Miss Beatrice Schilling, M.Sc., of Manchester University, is another. An expert on internal combustion engines, she tuned her own motor-cycle to lap Brooklands at 100 m.p.h., thus winning a coveted Gold Star and gaining the interest of a number of manufacturers who were on the look-out for a promising designer.

But England is not the only country where women do things—and do them well. In Russia there is no distinction between men and women workers. In the United States and in Germany women hold the highest positions. Miss Josephine Roche, recently appointed second-in-command of the United States Treasury, has made a name for herself as the "best-hated woman in American Big Business," because she is paid twice the wages of her rivals.

Another girl, of whom much should be heard, is twenty-one-year-old Edith Reed, still a student at the University of Minnesota. While in bed, recuperating from a motor accident recently, she designed a bridge and sent it in for an open competition.

To her surprise, it was accepted, and a £400,000 bridge, built from her plans, will span the Missouri River at Omaha, Nebraska.

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For the Stomach

FOOL'S FORTUNE

Illustrated by Russell Hall.

The girl took a visiting card and a pencil from her bag and scrawled down the address.

Complete Story by **A. P. GARLAND**

"THE bald facts of the swindle are these," said Harry Power. "I'm a motor-engineer, and about a year ago I invented a little gadget for cars—an improvement in the clutch. Nothing epoch-making, but I thought there might be a bit of money in it, so I put it up to a chap called Helker."

"Who and what is he?" asked Mr. Pearson, the solicitor.

"The Lord knows. He was a member of my old club, the Albion, and I'd known him a year or so. Seemed to be well off and in touch with the City. Chap about thirty-five."

"Go on."

"Helker knew quite a bit about motor cars, and as he was hand in glove with financiers and all that, I thought he'd be just the man to help me market the thing. So I gave him a rough outline of it, and he got interested right away. In fact, he offered to patent the invention and dispose of the rights in return for forty per cent. of the amount realised."

"Forty per cent. is a lot," said the older man.

"Is it?" replied Harry. "I don't know anything about finance. Anyhow, I said yes, so we sat down in the Club and exchanged letters to that effect."

"A few months later," he continued, "my rooms in Mayfair were burnt out one night while I was at a show. They were in a mews above a garage. And among the things destroyed was the letter from Helker about the patent.

"I saw him the next day, told him what had happened and asked him to let me have another contract letter to replace the first."

The solicitor's eyeballs seemed to jut out with horror.

"You mean to say you let the man know that you had lost the only evidence of title you possessed?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I did," said Harry. "Maybe I was a fool, but I'd no reason to distrust Helker. Anyhow, he said it would be O.K. and that he'd send on the letter. But he didn't. And when I rang him up I found he'd gone to the Continent for three weeks.

"The worst of it was, I was leaving England myself at the time. My firm had gone smash and had taken all my savings with it, and as jobs like mine were few just then, I'd accepted an offer to go to Kenya and demonstrate a new British tractor.

"So I left a note for Helker, telling him to send on the letter I wanted to Nairobi, and then I set off. But he never wrote, and when I wrote to him, I got no reply.

"Then, after eight months I went under to blackwater fever. Got it bad. Had to be carried on a stretcher to the boat and brought home to hospital here. In fact, I very nearly conked out.

"When I got fit I began to think about my invention and I made inquiries in the motor trade. Then I discovered that the patent had been taken out in Helker's name and that he had sold the exclusive world's rights to the Athenian Motor Company. Nobody could tell me the price he'd got for it, but it was supposed to be about twenty-five thousand pounds.

"If that is right, Helker has jockeyed me out of fifteen thousand pounds. Think of it."

Harry paused to get his breath.

"What did you do?" asked Mr. Pearson.

"I called at the blighter's flat," said the young man. "But would he see me? Not likely. And he wouldn't reply to telephone calls. So I wrote him a stinker, claiming sixty per cent. of what he'd got from my invention. Guess what he wrote back?"

"What was it?"

"He denied point blank that the invention had anything to do with me. And then the devil had the nerve to add that if I was hard up he'd let me have a thousand quid for old times' sake. When I read that I wanted to wring his blasted neck."

The solicitor shook his head gravely.

"I understand your indignation," said he. "All the same, one thousand pounds is not to be sneezed at."

Harry looked at him incredulously.

"Do you think I'd compromise with a crook like that?" he asked. "Not on your life."

The man of law shrugged his shoulders and then proceeded to show Harry the hopeless position in which he stood. It was Helker's word against his, and Helker was in possession. Harry hadn't a hope in a billion of obtaining his rights by legal action.

"All right," said Harry at the end of the lecture. "Some day I'll take it out of Helker's hide."

For the seventh time in three days Harry's application for a job had been turned down, and as he left the office in Beak Street, he was feeling a bit depressed. Thoughtlessly he stepped into the road.

At once there was the scream of brakes and a two-seater car slewed round just clear of him and drew up.

Harry immediately came to himself.

"I'm terribly sorry," said he, raising his hat to the female in the car. "I deserve—Gosh, it's you, Tess."

"Harry Power!" said the girl amazedly. "You great big silly. Come over here."

Awkwardly Harry came to the side of

(*Continued on page* 30)

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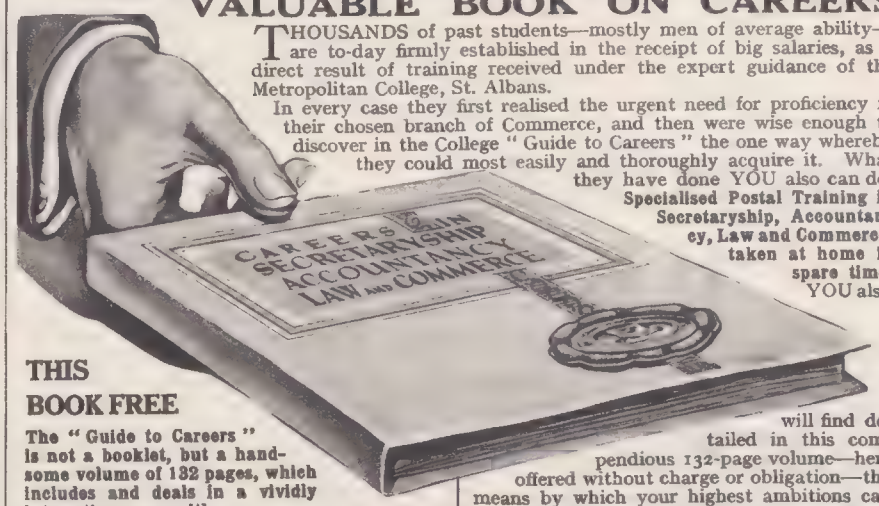

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Continuing FOOL'S FORTUNE

the car and gazed at the charming upturned face of the driver.

"How are you, Tess?" said he.

They shook hands.

"Close shave that," he went on. "Thanks for pulling up so smartly."

"You taught me to drive, Harry," said she.

There was a moment's silence.

"Have you nothing to say?" she asked. "No explanation?"

"No," said he, sheepishly.

"How long have you been back from Africa?"

"Ten or eleven weeks."

"And you haven't found time to send a friend a card to say you were in Town?"

No reply.

"Maybe you didn't think I was worth bothering about."

"Don't talk bilge like that, Tess," said Harry angrily. "You know perfectly well—but—hang it all, I'm up against it and——"

"So that's all you think of me. Unless a friend is flourishing I drop him."

Harry hung his head.

"I ought to have written, I know," he confessed, "but—a chap hates admitting he's a failure."

"Poor old boy," said the girl. "I understand. Well, now, if I promise to forgive you for treating me so shabbily, will you promise to do something for me?"

"What is it, Tess?"

"Promise first?"

"All right. I promise."

"Then you'll come to dinner to our place on Thursday evening."

Harry looked alarmed.

"I can't, Tess," he said. "I can't go and dine at your place. You see——"

"I don't see. You've promised, and that's enough." Her tone was decisive. "And now tell me your address."

"The Axminster Hotel, Russell Street, Bloomsbury."

The girl took a visiting card and a pencil from her bag and scrawled down the address.

"You won't fail, Harry?" she said.

"No," he replied, "though I'd rather—"

"Never mind what you'd rather. Good-bye till Thursday. I must rush. I've to get to Waterloo to see an aunt off. Ta-ta. See you on Thursday. There'll be only the family and you and Mr. Helker. You know him."

She waved her hand, set the engine going and tore off down the street, leaving the young man standing bewildered.

So he was promised to dine with Sir Edward Bamford, Tess's father, who was one of the directors of the Athenian Motor Company, and Mrs. Bamford and Tess—and the crook, Helker.

"What a jolly little party!" thought Harry.

In a hired suit of "tails" Harry strolled from his hotel towards St. James's Street, in which lay the Bamford's luxury flat.

Passing through Pall Mall, he called at the Albion to see if any belated letters awaited him. He had resigned his membership before sailing for Africa, but the hall-porter remembered him and handed over a small packet of letters, which Harry glanced at in the vestibule.

Only one of them was of importance. It was written in an uneducated hand and contained an enclosure. It read :

"Dear Sir, that suit of clothes you gave me for my husband just before the fire hes been wearing ever since mostly in the house as there a bit big for him but very comfortable and he came across this letter in the lining and I thought it might be important and I told Harry Ide send it to you at your club with best respecks Sir Mrs. Dawes."

"Dawes?" repeated Harry, remembering the woman who used to "do" for him in his old rooms. Then his heart leaped up as he looked at the handwriting of the enclosure. It was Helker's.

For several minutes he stood gazing at it. Then he folded it with Mrs. Dawes' letter, while a grim smile played about his mouth.

"Now for Mr. Helker," said he, and he went on his way.

The Bamfords received him with marked cordiality and Tess with something more, but what impressed Harry most was the calm effrontery with which Helker met the situation.

"Power," said he. "Why, we've known each other a long time." And he grabbed Harry's reluctant hand.

Again, over the meal he was expansive and he displayed much of the poise of the man of the world. On the other hand, Harry's contribution to the general chat was mainly an odd monosyllable. Even Tess must have found him glum and dull.

In due course the ladies retired and Sir Edward swung the port round according to the ritual.

"What'll happen to Burnjoss?" he said to Helker, naming a great financier on trial for fraud. Helker gave his opinion, and soon the two were deep in the topic of high finance, to which Harry lent a dull ear.

Suddenly the host rose.

"I believe I can lay my hands on the figures now," said he. "Pardon me a few minutes. Power, pass the port to Helker."

Scarcely had Sir Edward left the room when Harry leant across the table to Helker.

"I'll pass the port to you in a way you won't like, you dirty crook," said he.

A startled look came into Helker's face, but he quickly came to himself.

"Don't be a fool, Power," said he. "This is no place for a quarrel."

"Isn't it?" said Harry. "You wait and see."

He drew from his pocket Mrs. Dawes' letter and the enclosure. The latter he half-opened and with the words, "You know your own writing, I suppose," he replaced it carefully in his pocket. The other he threw on the table.

"Read that, you greasy scoundrel," said he.

Helker read through Mrs. Dawes' letter and, as he did so, he gave an involuntary start.

"Well," said he, with assumed nonchalance, "what has this got to do with me?"

"Only this," was the reply, "that it's going to get you three or four years in quod."

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. You know I've got proof of the way you swindled me out of that invention of mine. And I'm going to use it. I only got that letter on my way here, but in the morning it'll be in the hands of Scotland Yard. What do you think of that, you pasty-faced crook?"

"Let me see that other letter," said Helker.

"You've seen all you're going to see of it," was the reply. "The next time you see it it'll be from the dock."

"Let me see it," said Helker more loudly, rising to his feet with a threatening air.

"Oh, certainly," mocked Harry. "And watch it go in the fire. No. You've fooled me once, but never again. And don't start moving around the table. If you come near me I'll knock your block off. You know I can do it."

Helker glared malevolently as if contemplating a rush.

"You'd better keep quiet," said Harry. "If you start anything you'll have a rough time. And you're booked for Wormwood Scrubs anyhow. I have the other letter as well. The one where you deny that I've any claim to the invention at all. You're going to have some bother explaining those letters to the prosecuting K.C.—aren't you, Helker?"

Helker's eyes were now those of a hunted animal.

"I'm prepared to pay," said he, hoarsely.

"Are you?" said Harry. "Well, you're too late."

"I'll pay you all that was due to you, fifteen thousand pounds—sixty per cent."

"You can keep it," said Harry. "You're a dirty dog and quod's the best place for you."

Then Helker's nerve gave way. He was an over-nourished man, and the thought of years of imprisonment terrorised him. Almost tearfully he pleaded for mercy, promising that never again would he be guilty of a crooked deal. If only Power would let him off this time——

In the end Harry relented. He made Helker sit down at the bureau in the corner of the room and write out two statements. The first was an acknowledgment of Harry's claim to the invention; the second was an order on Helker's bankers for a payment of fifteen thousand pounds within three days.

"Leave them unsigned for a moment," ordered Harry.

Just then their host returned, full of apologies for his prolonged absence.

"Don't mention it," said Harry. "Mr. Helker and I have not been wasting our time. And now, Sir Edward, I shall be obliged if you will witness Mr. Helker's signature to a couple of documents."

He folded back the two papers, got Helker to sign them and then handed the pen to Sir Edward to witness the signatures.

"A big deal on?" asked the latter.

Oh, just a small matter of fifteen thousand pounds," said Harry.

That night Harry locked the door of his bedroom before starting to undress. He took from his inner breast-pocket the two papers that Helker had signed, the letter from Mrs. Dawes and its enclosure, and laid them on the dressing-table. But the last of these he picked up again and scanned amusedly. It was on the note-paper of the Albion Club and it began thus :

"Dear Power,

"Sorry I missed you, but here's what I've heard about those American motor shares, etc. . . ."

"I'll bet," said Harry, addressing a bust of Gladstone on the mantelshelf, "if Helker knew that was the letter that got down the lining of my old coat, he'd never have coughed up the money. Some day I'll tell him."

Country Cameos — *By S. L. Bensusan*

The Invaders

At this season, even though the days are lengthening shyly, bird life has a bad time. Not only is food scarce in wood and hedgerow, all autumn's harvest having been taken, but many soft-billed birds are on the dole, the charity of those who keep plenty of fat or meaty bones hung up in parts of gardens where such displays are neither unsightly nor within reach of cats.

Thrush and blackbird dead from starvation are met all too often (think of the music lost) and to make matters worse, on the East side of England at least, birds that prey upon their smaller brethren are in evidence.

They are not resident here, they will go to the North when spring comes round, but these regions are warmer than their native haunts and there is far more helpless life to be had in return for swift aggression.

Perhaps the most savage visitor is the Peregrine Falcon, always to be found here in the opening months of the year; he it is who sends the tumbler pigeons flying helter-skelter to their loft. Fortunately for them the wild wood pigeons, also winter migrants, are round us in vast companies, there are evenings when they seem to blacken the tree tops and, rapid though their flight, they are in hopeless plight when peregrine comes along to speed like an arrow from a bow and strike in mid-air. Sometimes he watches from cloud land, at other times I have seen him on a tree-top surveying the country, with eyes nothing can escape.

Owls, too, are hungry and vigorous, so are poaching cats. It is quite a common thing for the owner of a cat to say, "I give it a little milk to keep it near the house and it gets its own living."

I suppose pursuit and capture go on throughout the year but I am never quite so aware of them as at this season when so many boughs are bare and even frosty nights and mornings claim their victims.

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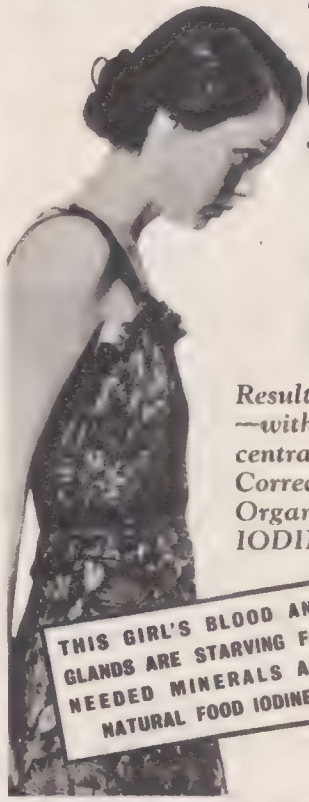

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Gives Pale, Nervous, Tired-out and Sickly-Looking Men and Women Rugged Strength—Develops Amazing New Energy, Puts on Flattering New Curves & Pounds of Solid Flesh.

It is amazing how often a few extra pounds of flesh reveal an unsuspected beauty and lure that lies hidden below a skinny, unattractive body, and how your face becomes pretty with full rosy cheeks. If you are a skinny woman, *YOU TOO* undoubtedly have hidden beneath a flat chest, and hollow face REAL beauty which a few extra pounds of firm flesh will bring out. *Just think of your hopes at last coming true* —a beautiful feminine body with alluring curves, lovely firm busts, and well-rounded hips and legs, so much admired by men. How easy it will be then to dress smartly—the simplest little dress will look chic with a beautiful firm body to fill it out. Weak-looking men with skinny, shrivelled bodies, acquire a strong, masculine virile physique that women admire so much.

You can now cover ugly protruding bones with firm flesh and fill out unattractive hollows, whether you are "NATURALLY SKINNY," or UNDERWEIGHT due to dangerous run-down conditions, by taking "VIKELP" brand Body Building Tablets, the wonderful mineral concentrate made from an astounding sea plant known as Kelp. This wonderful Pacific Ocean algæ, the richest known source of the 12 minerals necessary to the human body, *plus food IODINE* in organic assimilable form, gets right down to the *underlying cause of* SKINNINESS and *bad health* — MINERAL AND FOOD IODINE STARVED GLANDS (such as the Thyroid and other tiny hidden glands controlling weight and health) by supplying the minerals and food iodine so sadly lacking in everyday food—yet so utterly essential to proper body development. After eating them for a few days the food you eat no longer clogs the system but turns to solid flesh; faulty metabolism, constipation, gastritis, goitre, rheumatism and systemic illnesses are corrected or disappear entirely. "*VIKELP*" *Tablets contain no drugs or tonics of any kind.* Try them for only 10 days, and if after taking them you do not feel wonderful, sleep, eat and work better and have not gained extra pounds of firm solid flesh the *trial is free!* If your dealer cannot supply you send 1/9d. for 40 tablets, or for the more economical sizes 3/6d. for 100, 6/9d. for 225, or 17/6d. for 675 tablets, to Dept. PAS/2/2, Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., 10 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

VIKELP *Body Building Tablets*

Beautiful Curls for your baby

Every day rub the darling's scalp with Nestol, which —cleanses and curls baby's hair.

NESTOL

MONTHS TREATMENT TUBE 3'6

Medicated Toilet Powder Large 1/3 Tin

NESTOL

Obtainable from :—Boots, Lewis's, all good Chemists and Hairdressers. If any difficulty write to:
C. NESTLÉ & CO. LTD.,
48 SOUTH MOLTON STREET, W.1

SMALL FLAWS IN SKIN BIG TROUBLES BEGIN

FAMOUS BEAUTY AID OFFERED

FREE

Small flaws such as spots, blackheads and coarse pores cause great loss of charm and may develop into serious skin troubles. Test the world-famous D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION FREE, and prove how it gives new loveliness and protects the skin from harm.

Write for generous trial bottle to:
D.D.D. LABORATORIES,
P.S.1, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

SEND FOR IT NOW

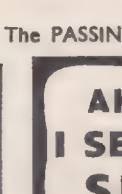
SORE THROAT? but that was Yesterday!

There's no need to nurse a sore throat for days—or to have one at all. Just gargle with Listerine Brand Antiseptic—invaluable for combatting colds, 'flu, and sore throat. All chemists sell it 1/6 to 5/- a bottle.

GARGLED with

LISTERINE

BRAND ANTISEPTIC.



ARTISTS

Why not draw for this paper?

Earn big money for a few hours' work in your own home.

The London Art College Course covers every phase of Press drawing **including the business side.**

Write now for the freehand book and send me a drawing or two for a sincere and sympathetic criticism—tell me what you want to do and I will give you a frank and candid opinion of your chances of success.

There is no obligation whatever. Address me personally

A. W. BROWNE
Principal

London Art College, 20 Southampton Street, Holborn, W.C.1.

DANDRUFF *Cleared*

If rubbed into the scalp daily, Koko will eradicate dandruff. At the same time it will nourish the hair and improve its growth and lustre.

Koko has been used in three Royal Families as well as by tens of thousands of the general public.

Give Koko a trial.

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

1/6 per bottle. Larger sizes, 3/- and 5/6 From Chemists, etc, everywhere.

CAPSTAN CIGARETTES 10 for 6d.
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED 20 for 11½d.

'BETTER BUY CAPSTAN.
they're blended better
-they're Wills's

-as the daughter said to her father

C.C.4931

LEAP YEAR VALENTINE

Girl proposes
to
Drink BOVRIL Daily

"What on earth are *you* doing here?" I turned. It was Jack.

SHOP—WINDOW *Girl*

THE purpose of shop windows is to display goods. But, although I had worked as a shopgirl all my life and had always taken a keen interest in the window dressing for my particular department, I never dreamed that a shop window could be the scene of a human drama in which I would play a principal part.

It happened in 1921. When the story begins, I was working in a large department store in London as an ordinary assistant in the blouse department. And I was twenty-three.

In the course of business I met a young man travelling in a special line of tea gowns, at that time "all the rage."

He did no business with my department, but when he came into the shop to see the buyer, would always make a point of having a friendly word with me. From that we struck up a friendship and several times on my afternoon off he took me out to tea. I fell desperately in love with him, and he seemed to be interested in me. Then fate dealt a blow which threatened to put an end to my romance.

I got the sack, and left the store without having a chance of seeing my new friend and explaining what had happened.

We had only known each other a few weeks, and though I had grown so fond of him, our friendship was still only casual. He had never visited my home, for instance, and I had never enquired about his. I had never thought to ask him for his address and he had never asked for mine. "He can always ask one of the other girls if he really wants to find me," I said to myself, and prepared to wait for word from him, feeling sure in my own mind that it would not be long in coming.

But I was mistaken. The days passed and nothing happened. And as each day went by I realised I was more hopelessly in love with him than ever.

Then one day I met one of the girls from the shop. "Have you seen anything of Jack?" was one of the first things I asked her.

"Why! Haven't you heard?" she said. "He's been sent by his firm out of London. They've given him the Nottingham area."

For three days I went about dazed, hardly knowing what I did. In that state it is not surprising that I did not succeed in finding a new job. That fact, bad enough to worry me very much in ordinary circumstances, now seemed of no importance at all. But gradually, as my mind cleared, came the knowledge that I had to find Jack whatever happened.

I asked everybody I knew in the trade about Nottingham, and the kind of business that was done there. I found out the names of the principal stores, the number of staff they kept, the wages they paid, the names of some of the buyers. But I could not hear of any vacancies.

However, armed with this information, I went home and put on a bold front. I had to invent a story to satisfy mother, but luckily it went down well.

I said I had been speaking to one of the travellers I had known in my old job and that he had told me of a firm in Nottingham who wanted a girl. They would be glad to have somebody with London experience and he would give me an introduction to the buyer.

On the strength of that story the family lent me £5. It did not take me long to pack a bag and be off.

I arrived at lunch time on an exceptionally hot day, left my bag in the station cloakroom and started out. It would be no use attempting to see anybody until after 2.30. So I had a cup of tea and a snack to cheer me up a bit, and sallied forth to meet adventure.

Coming from ———'s in London gave me a pull and the first buyer saw me as soon as I sent in my name. He was very nice, quite sympathetic, and seemed favourably impressed with my capabilities as a saleswoman. But he was obviously puzzled as to what I was doing in Nottingham and why I wanted a job there. I told him some sort of a tale, but I don't know how convinced he was. Anyway, the important thing was that he was very firm about having no vacancy for me on his staff.

I left with my heart in my boots and the realisation beginning to dawn on me that the task I had set myself was going to be even harder than I expected.

The next two days I spent haunting the shops, trying to get a job. Always with the same result. I had exhausted every possible hope of which I had heard in London and some I had heard of since I got to Nottingham.

On the fourth day while I was wandering round the streets wondering what to do next, an idea suddenly came to me.

The very line that Jack was travelling in was what we call in the trade a "novelty" line.

In London these tea gowns were selling amazingly well. They had "taken on." But so far the shops did not appear to be making any special show of them in Nottingham.

Here, then, was an idea. Suppose I could get one of the shops to make a special display of them and give me a job.

If I could think of something good enough to attract wide attention then Jack would be sure to hear about it—for he was a smart traveller and always knew every new move in his own line of business. He would be sure to come to see it for himself, and if I were well to the fore he would be sure and see me.

It was an idea; so I settled down to think it out well. And this is where the shop window came in.

In London I had seen one or two spectacular window displays, where real people had taken the place of wax models. Why not apply it to tea gowns.

When it was all thought out, the scheme roughly was this: A window, or part of one if the space were not to spare, was to be fitted up as a drawing-room. In it I would appear, sitting drinking tea, reading, or just resting, and wearing a

TRUE LIFE STORIES

Ten guineas for *your* True Life Story if you write it yourself in printable form ; two guineas if you send us only a summary. That is "Passing Show's" invitation to readers, made because we believe in the old saying that "Truth is Stranger than Fiction"

tea gown. The more I thought over the idea the better it seemed to be.

When I had thought it all out well, I went along and tackled the buyer I had first seen. To my great joy, he fell for it. "These tea gowns are certainly a good line," he said, "and because they are new it is difficult to get women to realise how comfortable and useful they can be as well as being so attractive. Your idea might do it."

The upshot of it was a couple of days of very hard work. A selection of gowns had to be found to fit me and to suit my colouring. But that was not difficult. It was really a mannequin's work I was undertaking, and I wasn't a mannequin. But I did not tell the buyer that.

They fitted up a very pretty drawing-room in one of the principal windows and on Monday morning I started work. The routine was that I was to sit in the window pretending to drink tea, or read, or recline on the lounge. I had to move about a bit to let the watchers get a good look at the gowns, and at the end of each hour I went out and changed into a fresh gown. In a way it was a sort of mannequin parade in the shop window.

As we anticipated, the novelty was not long in attracting a crowd. And by the middle of the afternoon the footpath outside the window was jammed with people. When I went out to change, too, I heard that the tea gowns had begun to sell.

At the end of the second day the sales had gone up with a bump and the buyer was delighted. But though the "stunt" had been a success and I was naturally pleased about that, nevertheless my own spirits had sunk to zero. For there had not been a sign of Jack.

The weather was hot. The sun streamed on to the pavement and beat up against the window. Behind the burning glass it was stifling. I pretended to drink tea but there was not even water in the cup. And I had to look cool and alluring. You can take it from me I didn't feel either.

It must have been within about half an hour of closing time on the third afternoon. The crowd on the pavement outside had dwindled to just a handful, and I was looking forward to release from the hot and stuffy window when it suddenly happened.

About a dozen yards from the window where I was sitting Jack left the pavement, crossed the road rapidly, and disappeared among the stream of people going towards the Market Place. Never a glance to right or left or behind. He seemed in a great hurry and pre-occupied as though he were on urgent business.

For a few glorious seconds—as long as it took him to cross the road—my hopes soared to heaven. Then I was plunged into the blackest despair I have ever known.

There was I, sitting in the window and having to play a part. There was he, disappearing down the street. And I could do nothing. I wanted to shout to him to wait. I wanted to rush out after him. But instead I had to sit there mute—powerless to raise even a hand to beckon him to me.

I had come all the way to Nottingham to find Jack. I had had to overcome so many difficulties. And now with him only a few yards away, I was forced to sit like a lump of stone and watch him lost to me a second time.

"How can Fate be so cruel," I said to myself. I was trembling so badly with the shock that I felt I would collapse at any moment. I wanted to cry but of course I couldn't. I felt faint and dizzy and the rest of the half hour seemed an eternity.

I was anxious to get back to my lodging—anxious to be alone. So as soon as I could I changed into my street things. By this time I had summoned enough self control to look fairly bright and cheerful again, for above all I did not want to have anybody taking me home.

Until I was clear of the shop I managed well enough but as soon as I got into the street my head went down and the tears began to run down my cheeks in spite of me. I had stumbled along blindly for a dozen yards or so when suddenly there was a touch on my arm.

Before I even had time to look up a surprised voice was saying, "What on earth are *you* doing here?" It was Jack.

When he saw my tear-stained face he became concerned and anxious.

"Why? What's the matter, Joan? What are you crying for?"

"Oh, nothing, Jack. Nothing at all. It's just the heat and I'm tired. I'll be all right in a minute. It's good to see you."

"And it's good to see you, too. My word, what a coincidence. Of all places to run into you here!"

With that he took my arm and steered me to a teashop. I told Jack some of the story that evening, but I did not tell him just then how little of a "coincidence" our meeting had been. That came later when I knew him better.

In two years we were married and I must say that the happy years I have had with Jack since, were worth all the trouble I took to find him.

PASSING SHOTS

Burglars who broke into a North London house smoked several cigarettes and used the ash-trays in the dining-room. That's one clue. Obviously they are very married.

◆ ◆ ◆

"If a business man never sees his office-boys but they are working," states an efficiency expert, "he is safe in one conclusion." They hear him coming.

◆ ◆ ◆

The only time a woman drives a car straight into the garage is when she is trying to back it out.

◆ ◆ ◆

A gossip writer mentions that he often leaves his bed at dawn just to watch the sunrise. He could not choose a better time.

EVERYDAY WEAR AND TEAR

It is always difficult to tell the age of furniture covered in "Rexine" because dirt, dust, stains and scratches—which leave their mark on other fabrics—have no effect on "Rexine."

The original brightness of "Rexine" can quickly be restored by wiping with a damp cloth, and you can obtain it in practically every colour and in a variety of pleasing grains, finishes and effects.

SHOWS LESS ON "Rexine" BRAND COVERED FURNITURE

* Always clean "REXINE" with soap and water or a damp cloth. Furniture polishes should not be used.

I.C.I. (REXINE) LIMITED, HYDE, CHESHIRE

I.C.I. (Rexine) Ltd. is a subsidiary company of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

R.A.505

"I was an UNWANTED WIFE"

It was she—the other woman

"MY Bob whom I loved so and who was the father of my two darling children, was losing interest in me. He seldom stayed in evenings, and when he was at home he was cross and irritable with me. Then one evening I learned about—the other woman. I thought my heart would break, and when my sister Louise came to visit us, I told her all my troubles. She gave me wonderful advice. 'Motherhood and housework have simply played havoc with your face, Bess,' she said. 'No man likes to come home to a wrinkled, old, tired-looking wife. But do not lose heart, for I know a quick and easy way to get rid of those wrinkles and have once again the clear, fresh, youthful skin that made you so fascinating a bride.' She then told me her secret which was to use Tokalon Biocel Skinfood every night. I tried it and I was amazed at the change it made in my skin at once. In a few weeks all of my wrinkles disappeared and I looked like a young girl again. Now my Bob says he is in love with me more than ever before." The secret of Tokalon Biocel Skinfood is that it contains the natural youth-giving substance, called biocel, which is found in every skin. When the skin loses its natural biocel wrinkles form; when biocel is restored wrinkles disappear. Biocel is now extracted from young animals according to the formula of Prof. Dr. Karl Stejskal of the University of Vienna and contained in Tokalon Biocel Skinfood. By using it every night any woman can quickly get rid of wrinkles, rejuvenate an aged and faded skin and look 10 to 20 years younger. Successful results are guaranteed or money refunded.

DO NOT GO
BALD

Falling hair, bald patches and even advanced baldness can be rapidly conquered if treated scientifically by the RENASCOR Method.
Based on individual diagnosis and treatment, the RENASCOR system and Hair Stimulant are the successful result of years of research work to discover a remedy for Baldness.

WRITE NOW FOR FREE BOOKLET
which explains why the "RENASCOR" system will help you to grow new hair.
RUSHTON RESEARCH CO.
39, Torrington Square, LONDON, W.C.1

NASAL CATARRH
Ended like Magic

JUST study the above diagram and note how speedily KARSOTE (new scientific discovery) kills the germs which cause catarrh, 'flu, colds and coughs. Fig. 1 shows germs at start of attack. Fig. 2 large increase in number of germs after 24 hours. Fig. 3 in less than 10 minutes KARSOTE vapour has entirely killed the germs.

KARSOTE is a pleasant new germicide, containing 22 valuable ingredients, which instantly soothes the inflamed breathing passages and kills catarrh germs in half the time other inhalants take. You just put 10 to 15 drops of KARSOTE on to a handkerchief and inhale the pleasant vapour. In a few minutes you get blessed relief—in a few days your catarrh is gone! **Karsote (Brand) Inhalant is obtainable from your usual chemist. Trial size 1/-: double the quantity 1/8: four times the quantity 2/6.**

SPENT £40 TRYING TO CURE STOMACH TROUBLE

Relieved by one bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder

There is a kind of freemasonry amongst stomach sufferers which makes one pass on good news to another. A gold miner in British Columbia supplies the latest evidence of the miraculous effect of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder in stubborn cases of stomach trouble.

"I am writing you a few lines," says Mr. W. T. C., of Vancouver, "expressing my case after using just one bottle of your Stomach Powder

"During the last few years I have spent over two hundred dollars on all sorts of medicines to gain relief from stomach trouble.

"I was strongly advised to try the English Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I found sure relief from just one bottle, and can now eat anything. I am now going to enjoy my vacation."

Stomach sufferers soon learn to enjoy life again after a course of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Never a day passes without new testimony to this wonder-working powder. But be sure you get the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the carton. 1/3, 2/-, and 5/- per bottle, powder and tablets. Never sold loose.

Rub away Rheumatism

When cold strikes right into your joints, the proper cure is warmth! Rheumatic pain is a local congestion. Your blood stream is held up. *A VOLATOL rub gets it going again. A healing glow penetrates and spreads,* stimulates circulation, eases the swollen joints at once, releases the pressure, rids you of pain!

VOLATOL
TAKES PAINS
STIFF JOINTS, STRAINED MUSCLES, TIGHT CHESTS, RHEUMATISM, ETC.
Of Chemists. *Thos. Kerfoot Co., Ltd.*

YOU CAN BE BROUGHT to believe in anything. This is called Faith. And Mr. B. N. W., of Leeds, writes to tell us that he thinks the greatest educator of modern times is advertising. "Take the fashion for women," he argues. "Each generation and parts of a generation in accepting the sort of thing women wear admires it. The fashions of other eras are genuinely amusing to us, who have become used to the prevailing ideas, yet in its day each foible—be it a hat the size of a cart-wheel, a waist like a wine glass, or even a skirt that barely reaches the knee—was accepted as 'the thing,' and accordingly much admired!

IT SEEMS TO ME AMAZING that we, who as human beings change less than almost any other living thing on this earth, should be so fickle in what we think beautiful and becoming in dress. What is the reason for one thing (say a woman's hat) being beautiful one year and so hideous to us that we laugh out loud at the sight of photographs of it a few years later? The Old Masters, beautiful buildings built a thousand years ago, mountain and river scenery—the beauty of these endures. We still think them beautiful to-day. Do we change then, in our opinion of beauty, or do we not? The paintings of the Old Italians were made by human hands, just as are the tiny hats we see on women's heads to-day. Each has been made expressly to appeal to our sense of beauty, but the one remains a thing of beauty for ever: the other becomes an absurdity in a few years.

THIS PUZZLED ME for a long time, until I began to dwell on the persuasive power of good advertising—you have only to glance through the pages of THE PASSING SHOW to see what I mean. Public opinion is constantly being moulded. We believe in what we are told loudest and most persistently to believe. Some of the food advertisements in THE PASSING SHOW make me hungry to look at them. The cycle and motor-cycle advertisements make me long for the open road. It is the power of persuasion. The child's education is advertising in the form of getting him to like such things as fine writing, good pictures, and so on. After that, advertising in other forms takes him along to appreciate the good things of life. I wonder what a man or woman would think beautiful if no-one ever "instructed" them in anything at all. Say that they were left alone to grow up on a desert island, with no advertising? What then?"

THEY WOULD STILL LIKE the beautiful things we all like, but they wouldn't know where to find them. "How do you account," demands Miss Joyce Reynolds, of Swansea, "for two of those wonderful old proverbs we hear so much about from you saying such opposite things as *Too many cooks spoil the broth,* and *Two heads are better than one*? If two heads are better than one, surely two can make better broth than one? Conversely, if one can make broth better than two, how can two heads be better than one?" Well, we know where to pass that one on to.

THE WAY YOU HAVE to look at it," explains Uncle Joe, from Cornwall, "is that two heads are better than one, just twice as good, where one head is any good at all—and that is seldom enough among young folk nowadays. And two heads are twice as bad as one head in cases where thinking don't do any good anyway. Two heads will worry twice as much as one head, won't they? And two heads will ache twice as much as one if you hit them both with the coke hammer. Making broth, as the proverb implies, is one of those jobs you just have to do and not think about. And as for too many cooks spoiling things, one cook can spoil quite enough by herself, and without any assistance that I've seen noticed. What's broth, anyway? It's a poor drink, one step better than Swiss egg soup at the best. Egg soup? You boil two eggs and eat them yourself. You give the soup to your wife."

AFTER ALL OF WHICH it is pleasant to get on to a good old British joke, even if it does come from Londonderry. We'll take the joke part of Mrs. Johnson's letter first. You will hear more about this veterinary surgeon later, so patience, pray. "At a reception in this town some years ago," writes Mrs. Johnson, "a tall, distinguished African, immaculately clad in morning dress with white spats, passed by a group of local citizens chatting in the foyer of the hotel. One of the local people turned to the old vet and whispered, 'That's the Native Commissioner of Kenya; we met him last night!' at the same time bowing to the coloured gentleman, who did not appear to notice him. The vet glanced after the commissioner and growled: 'Looks more like the Commissioner of Dinna Kenya.'"

AND SO, LAUGHING HEARTILY, we pass on to this old gentleman's strange convictions. Says Mrs. Johnson: "The vet had very queer and fixed ideas, and it is not only because he had an almost magic touch with animals that I believe there is a lot in what he thought. His pet idea was that people bathe far too much. He said that a man was made to take a bath when he fell into a river and if he lived nowhere near a river and never fell in, what of it? He was probably healthier for never having had a bath in his life. The human skin resists prolonged cold and heat better if its surface coating of oils and natural dirt are maintained. An unwashed skin, further, has a much higher resistance against sudden changes in temperature.

FOLK WHO KEEP WASHING themselves tend to catch cold. If you wash a dog, said the vet, he is liable to all sorts of diseases on account of your removing his natural protection. It is the same with humans. Baths are at the root of all human ills. To support his argument the old man would point to the local octogenarians. 'None of 'em have had a bath for years—probably 20 or 30,' he would say. 'That's why they're still with us. Ask a centenarian how he came to live to be a hundred and if he's honest he ought to tell you it is because he has never in his life had a bath.' The strange part of it is that, as far as local old men and women went, the vet was undoubtedly right!"

ONLY THIS MORNING WE washed our neck and knocked a couple of years off our life.

You're Telling Us!

None of 'em has had a bath for years.

SERVICE on motoring, travel, holidays, dress, finance, home, education, and every other practical subject is given free by "The Passing Show" Advice Service, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Enclose stamped envelope with query.

THINK AGAIN!

WHEN you turn to the forms for "The Passing Show's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift on page 3, do not scan them lightly and turn over to another page. *THINK AGAIN.* And you will realise that these forms mean much to you and yours: protection every day of the year against common every-day perils that are so often the cause of severe injury and death.

No man or woman, especially those with family responsibilities, can afford to ignore such a Gift of Security—such protection that is offered—FREE—all the year.

No fewer than 37 Benefits are incorporated in our Free Insurance Gift, including benefits for Home Accidents, Children's Accidents, protection whilst travelling by rail, road, sea or air, when in the street and during recreation, extra protection for widows, educational grants. Turn to page 3 right away

WORDS AFTER THE LETTERS

CLUES DOWN

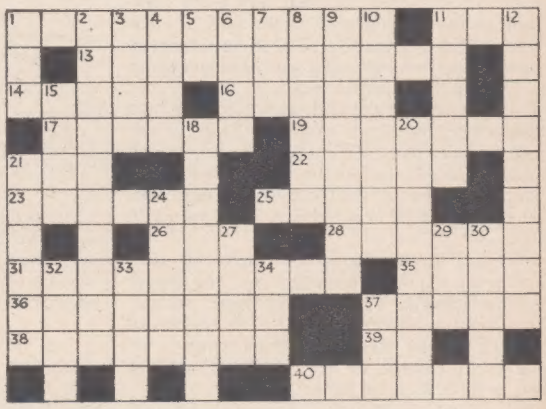
1. Skill in Carthage.
2. These may alter motions.
3. There's a sale in the fields.
4. This may open into 3.
5. 3 bisected for this.
6. A compelling word.
7. Half Arctic.
8. Red toe for boring worm.
9. Male tour for a rival.
10. Bed seat in discussions.
11. Alters and alters back.
12. Forerunner.
15. Disturbance of the peace.
18. To conceal by silence.
20. May be mud.
21. Garnered in the old fashioned way.
24. Maybe airy pinnacle.
27. And wine.
29. This for danger.
30. Golden calf for instance.
32. Dine first but turn back for the lady.
33. Winks may be as good as nods, but not for the waiter.
34. Ashes and water.
37. What the dove may have said to Noah.

P	H	O	S	P	H	O	R	E	S	C	E	N	T
R	O	M	E	■	V	I	S	I	R	L	O	I	N
O	U	N	C	E	■	E	■	C	R	A	F	T	S
B	R	I	T	A	N	N	I	A	■	A	S	K	■
A	S	P	I	R	E	S	■	P	I	M	B	U	E
T	■	R	O	W	S	■	D	E	T	A	I	L	E	R
I	C	E	N	I	C	■	E	■	E	L	S	E	■	O
O	■	S	A	G	I	T	T	A	L	■	T	■	P	S
N	O	E	L	■	E	■	A	I	L	■	A	C	R	E
E	■	N	■	N	A	C	R	E	■	K	■	I	N	■
R	A	T	T	A	T	■	H	R	U	E	■	M	E	■

Solution to last week's puzzle.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Combined with four A's.
11. Drink or half a meal.
13. Concerned with dimensions and seems sure at heart.
14. Something for nothing perhaps.
16. More than a rub but much the same.
17. Put something in here.
19. This should stretch.
21. Poetic odes cover the fish.
22. 1066 and all that.
23. More than most.
25. With a cross probably.
26. May be sharp as a needle though without an eye.
28. Egyptian deity.
31. Cure all tin (anagram).
35. Note in brief.
36. The whole of it.
37. Cared for a tree.
38. Deep sins for the chemist to measure.
39. Up with this adds little to the meaning.
40. Rather this than others (hidden).



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Don't let LEG TROUBLES CRIPPLE *YOU!*

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

"Oh! My poor Legs."

"For years it was misery for me to walk, my legs and insteps would swell and the pain was awful! Finally an ulcer broke out on my ankle and I could not walk or stand except for a few minutes at a time. Then my son advised me to try Elasto and . . ."

How the Leg-Weary Are Being Made Nimble and Active by this Wonderful New Biological Remedy.

LEG pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

What Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"I had suffered for years with a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"It put me on my feet."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Cured my swollen legs, although I had been suffering for years."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

It Cures Through The Blood

"I can now Walk for Miles."

"... after using your remedy I am happy to say I am completely cured and can now walk for miles. I cannot praise Elasto enough, as I thought I would never walk again. Your remedy is truly wonderful."

Mrs. L—— S——.

For All Readers of "Passing Show"

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Remedy makes!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 152), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

ELASTO the COMMON-SENSE REMEDY

Whatever therapeutic theory may be fashionable at the moment, one indisputable fact will always remain and that is that a sound circulation and prophylactic blood form the basis of life and health. Elasto is based entirely on this common-sense physical fact

THIS WONDERFUL
BIOLOGICAL REMEDY
WILL SAVE YOU
POUNDS!

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—are *deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.*

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and arterial walls, and the membranes in healthy condition, and a state of flabbiness results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming relaxed conditions, increasing vitality, and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, *which dissolve instantly* on the tongue; it is not a drug but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health.

Elasto does not enter the stomach it is absorbed directly into the blood stream through the tiny glands of the mouth and throat thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formally pounds have been spent to no purpose.

Elasto corrects varicose veins ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis' thrombosis, muscular weakness' swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout' rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also corrects piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries, rheumatoid arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Not Magic—Just Logic

Elasto corrects all Circulatory Disorders because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever. Beware of imitations!

COUPON

for Trial Sample of Elasto

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co. Ltd.
(Dept. 152), Cecil House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto cures through the blood.

(Please Print in Capital Letters)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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Passing Show 15/2/36

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Mine's a Minor!

Just the cigarette for a blissful brief-time smoke. In taste, quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large—big enough, however, to last a full 10 minutes.

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